

E. Farrington
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

WITH ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No. 5.—Vol. 1.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

WITH A
 SUPPLEMENT GRATIS

Topics of the Week.

A BAD CALAMITY—mitigated, however, as all calamities may be, by a noble display of heroism—marks our home

news this week. The same cause that sent through our frames the first shivering feeling of winter, a gale blowing from the north, has worked much injury among our shipping, and desolated many a home. We need not here repeat the particulars given in another

page of the effect of this sudden storm. Two facts are however, forcibly impressed by it upon our attention—the gallantry and self-sacrifice of Lord Charles Beauchamp and his companions, which reflect honour not only on the classes to which they belong, but to the



FEARFUL CATASTROPHE AT SCARBOROUGH ON SATURDAY LAST.

whole country; and the inattention paid by many local authorities to the intimations of a coming storm duly forwarded by Admiral Fitzroy: an inattention which seems as inexplicable as it is disgraceful. The warning they have now had will surely be the last. The progress and beneficence of science will do us little good if its most brilliant discoveries are neglected in this fashion.

Rumours of an interesting nature float about from time to time as to the great Reform meeting which is to be held in Leeds. It is wisely determined that Manchester shall not take the initiative, though some of the best Manchester men are to go to it as delegates of the Liberal party in that city. Probably other great cities will also send gentlemen to represent them whose character, position, and antecedents will give weight and dignity to the movement. In Glasgow the working men are proposing that all the trades of the kingdom shall petition Parliament to fulfil its pledge with regard to the extension of the suffrage. Plymouth, through Mr. Morrison, agrees. Meantime Liverpool has had another of its financial reform meetings; and Mr. Gladstone again reminds the working classes of the insidious nature of indirect taxation, which makes them pay more through the duties levied on their tea, and coffee, and tobacco, than they would be willing, or reasonably could be required, to pay under a system in which all taxation was direct.

Abroad the horizon becomes daily more obscure and threatening. The Emperor of Austria has, apparently, at last made up his mind to coerce the Hungarians into submission, since they will not accept his offers. Kossuth answers him by an earnest, thoughtful, and most skillful appeal to the Italians to turn their attention from Rome, to which access is still barred by Louis Napoleon, and direct all their efforts, governmental and national, against Venice; and his temptation is the promise of two hundred thousand Hungarians. Certainly, it will be difficult to find a more favourable moment than the present for Hungary and Italy, in alliance, to relieve themselves by one and the same way from their common oppressor.

Russia, we fear, from the latest news, is going in the same fatal direction towards absolute tyranny rather than yield in time to the Polish demands; and she does this with all the difficulty and danger of a serf-emancipation on her hands, with discontent among her nobles and students, and with demands for a Constitution becoming more and more loud and confident every day among her own people.

But it is to America, in its connection with the state of our industrial population, that all lovers of peace and freedom look just now with the greatest anxiety. There are signs no longer to be mistaken of a growing estrangement between Mr. Lincoln's Government, which is supported heart and soul by twenty millions of people, and our own. The latest cause of difference is Lord Lyons' complaint about the arrest of English subjects. And, while one sympathises with one's own countrymen wrongfully suspected of favouring the cause of the South, nothing, surely, can be clearer than that the American Government does only exactly what we should do ourselves in a time of civil war under similar circumstances. And as to the question of the President's right, it is quite clear that England is not the judge of this, nor is it courteous or dignified to raise such questions. If the American Government made any partial distinction between its own and English subjects, then, indeed, we should have a right to interfere; but we know they do not. We have, also, every possible reason to believe that no Englishman has been arrested, or is likely to be arrested, by Mr. Lincoln's Government without strong cause of suspicion. But the feeling exhibited on this and kindred topics raises a most serious question. Are we beginning to approach the point towards which so many English writers have been doing their utmost to urge us—are we going to have a war with the United States? We hope not, we believe not; but we also believe the time has come when the people of England must speak plainly, if they would at once destroy all probability of such an event. Let us, then, for a few minutes look at the whole question dispassionately, and see what motives there are that can, under any contingency, justify us in adopting so terrible a course.

English gentlemen, it appears, think the men of the Northern States are not so well bred as they ought to be in society; not so refined in political discussion; not so respectful towards neighbours and rivals, or to the opinion of foreign, and especially of British, people; and, above all, they think them boastful, and overbearing in their international relations. Grant all this, and what then? Are we go-

to war to teach them better manners? And, if we did, is it quite clear the war would end in their being better taught? Then again, the Conservatives of this country, and many who profess to be Liberals, agree with Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton that the United States have become too large and too powerful, and that it would be better for them, and for us, that they should be divided. Supposing these views to be correct, can we expect the Americans to share them? And should we go to war to help in the division? And shall it be for their good or for our own that we do so?

There is "Democracy" also to be attacked, by all who hate alike the word and the thing; though, to be sure, as it has already so egregiously failed, in the opinion of many wise, candid, and of course most unselfish, British critics, it should be hardly necessary to go to war with the United States to destroy that which, it seems, is so fast destroying itself. But, in any case, does England know what particular crimes that American "Democracy" has perpetrated against this country, and which require such dread punishment? Is it the keeping an open door for every poor man to enter at and to obtain shelter when he could not find in these islands the wherewithal to live in decent comfort? Is the war to make America shut that door for ever against our emigrants, and to compel the vast swarm of our overpeopled hire to stay at home? Or, lastly, is it to get cotton? Unprincipled as that war would be, it would at least have the excuse of a great national difficulty and danger, and would not, like the other motives, be adding insult to the greatest of injuries. Let us consider, then, how we should benefit by a cotton war. We will suppose we get it, and in sufficient abundance, by the war; we will put out of sight the possible reunion of North and South against us under some great temptation offered by the one side to the other; and we ask, what then? Of course we shall have an invasion of Canada, and Canada itself torn asunder in feeling, perhaps in action, by opposing interests and sympathies, of which the case of Colonel Rankin gives us timely warning. Of course we shall have our commerce cut up in every direction by the innumerable cruisers of the Americans; and we shall probably, while holding our own in naval engagements, be able to do little more, because it is, in effect, Anglo-Saxon against Anglo-Saxon, with equal courage, equal means, but not, unhappily for us, equal motives. They would have a justifiable cause—a war of self-defence against an unprovoked rebellion in which we had interfered; we should have a war to which it would be difficult even to give a name. And, under this condition of things, what sort of taxation should we have? And yet another question. During such a war what sort of position should we hold as regards the man against whom we have made such costly preparations—Louis Napoleon? How should we be able to deal with all the mighty complications of European policy, now more than ever important, and now more than ever demanding the aid of free England to assist in the birth and development of other free States? Consider it which way we will, it seems hardly possible to resist the conclusion that if the Enemy of all mankind had for once desired to concentrate his energies in one particular direction he would have chosen exactly such a war for us to engage in.

And supposing it successful? Can any one even estimate the frightful effect upon the whole commerce of these islands that would permanently result from a success that would fill the hearts of twenty millions of people—our own blood relations—with a sense of undying hatred for the injury done them by preventing them from re-establishing the supremacy of law, by compelling them to acquiesce in a mutilated territory, and by placing at their side a country governed by a slave-owning aristocracy, with which they must have perpetual border warfare, until some new convulsion should enable the stronger element to assimilate the weaker, and undo all the work that we shall have helped to get done. Talk of the cost of a cotton famine! Why, we had better at once settle a handsome income on every man, woman, and child who is at all connected with the manufacture than pay what we shall have to pay in blood and treasure to get cotton through such a war.

And what are the anti-slavery people of this country doing while they see in silence such events passing before their very eyes? Granted that the Northern people are not, as a nation, fighting against slavery (and for the very plain reason that they must violate law to do so), no one, not even the bitterest enemy of the North, denies that the South are fighting to maintain that holy institution; and not only to maintain it, but to extend it, deepen its bases, and make it, if they

can, immortal. A war, therefore, at this time between ourselves and the United States, turn it and shift it as we will, must be one for giving new strength to the fondest of all institutions—slavery!

No doubt those who have been working by all sorts of means, secret and open, to bring matters to such an issue are not very likely to be troubled by reflections upon one particular consequence—the moral position of England—its prestige before the world. But we greatly mistake the temper and principle of the English people at large if they will be willing to incur such a loss of political power, or such a degradation of moral influence. Side by side the United States and Great Britain have held up the torch of civilisation, each in its own way, and with its own differences of view and peculiarities, but still with a wonderful unity of powers and aims. What a spectacle would it not be for the despots of all countries if these two could now be turned against each other! What a comfort for the domestic reactionaries that are to be found in both! No more reform bills here, no more lightning of taxation, no more social legislation in the interests of the many for many a long year. Are we to be lured into war by so attractive a programme? We leave the people of these islands confidently to answer.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

THIS hunting season is now about to recommence in all its fulness of life, and the hills and dales will be everywhere vocal with that sweetest of music to many ears—the cry of the pack. Stagbounds, foxhounds, harriers, and beagles, are now dearer objects of attention than anything else can possibly be for the time. The *Field* and other sporting papers give us now long and elaborate lists of "Hounds, their masters, huntsmen, whips, and kennels;" and tell us the names of the chief hunts and the particulars of the hunting days. One who is not a sportsman needs to look at such documents to get an idea of the immense amount of money, time, and energy that is expended by country gentlemen in this the national sport. That hunting is not confined to gentlemen we need hardly say. Men of all classes, and some who have but very indifferent means for a mount, share in this most vivid of physical enjoyments; and even of those who cannot ride there are many who willingly take long walks in the mere hope of being present to see the start, and follow it up if they can. But there is a still larger circle of spectators who can only enjoy such scenes through the pencil of John Leech, and it is for these we write these lines, for these we give to-day our two-page supplement.

VIOLENT STORM ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST.

ON Saturday last a severe storm swept over the coasts of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. The most thrilling event, of which we give an illustration, occurred at Scarborough. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon the schooner *Compland*, of Shields, attempted the harbour, but could not succeed in entering. She drifted rapidly amid foaming billows, that chased each other like huge mad cataracts, until she struck immediately opposite the Spa promenade. In the meantime the life-boat was manned and sent out to the relief of the schooner's crew, whose danger was not now so imminent. The sea broke upon the sea-wall with such terrific violence that the massive stones on the parapet were dislodged. The rebound of the waves caused such a sea that no small craft but the life-boat could have borne. Arrived at this point, she was watched, and her crew were spoken to by the people on the Spa. The crew of the life-boat appeared to be quite terrorstricken at their awful position. Suddenly a fearful lurch of the boat pitched out the veteran boatman, Thomas Clayburn, the leading man in her, and one of great experience and good judgment. He (Clayburn) was quickly washed up to the Spa wall, and was saved by a life-buoy. James Banks was ejected a few minutes after, and was saved by the same means after a very fearful struggle. The oars were now dashed out of the hands of the crew, and they were at once rendered powerless. The boat was washed heavily up against the wall, and nothing but her great strength and excellent qualities preserved her from being at once dashed to pieces. Ropes were thrown from the boat to the promenade, and she was drawn through the surf to a landing-place at the southern end of the wall, as was here the fatal occurrence took place. Having touched the ground the men jumped out before the water had receded, and, seeing the danger they were in, a rush down the incline was made to assist them. In the momentary confusion that ensued another run of the sea came, and nearly all the party were thrown from their feet and were now scrambling to save their lives. Many succeeded in getting up, but another wave washed off those who were yet below. Two or three times they were carried out and back again. Among these were Lord Charles Beauchamp, Thomas Brewster, and John Barton (two of the boat's crew), Mr. Sarony (a photographer), Mr. Rutter, Mr. S. Rawling, and several others. A large wave was seen to lift the life-boat with fearful force against the wall, and on her



CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS.

knowledge on the culture of this popular flower is of any service you are welcome to it.

Amateurs wishing to grow the chrysanthemum for exhibition or border-decoration should make up a bed

in a warm, dry part of the garden, in its most sunny aspect. The compost should be sand, leaf-mould, and loam. If you have a bit of glass to make a small frame, all the better to keep off winter rains and frosts.

If you have no glass, put four boards together, with a bow over the top made of thin strips of wood, to keep the mats from breaking the plants when they are thrown over them and to allow them to keep growing through the winter.

In selecting your stock, get suckers as early in November as you can; and, if possible, when in bloom, so that you may have them correct to name and colour. Take off the short suckers, with a bit of root, plant them in your prepared frame, give a little water when fresh planted, and no more through the winter except the weather is very dry. Keep them in the frames till April, when they may be planted out in pots or in the border, according to circumstances. If they are to bloom in pots have a compost of loam composed of one-third rotten dung, one-third of leaf-mould, and one-third of strong market loam or good garden-mould. Take off the leading shoots of the plants in May when they are well established in the pots, so as to keep them bushy and short. This applies alike to the large varieties and to the pompones. Give plenty of water all through the summer—say about three times a week, and occasionally add a little weak liquid manure when the pots are full of roots.

If you wish to grow the flower very large, take off the side shoots, and don't stop the crown, but train the stems up to stakes, and when they show the buds in September select the crown one and take off the others, retaining about three flowers to one stem, as they always divide into three or four leading shoots, with clusters of buds on the top. Apply liquid manure copiously every day after the bud is formed.

Plants in borders may be treated in like manner, and have a temporary covering put over them—say, in the middle of October, if frost comes. The foliage should be often syringed with water.

Then thin them out to three on a strong plant. The finest border flowers for this purpose are the beautiful Vesta (see Engraving), Hermione, Queen of England, Alfred Salter, Cassandra, Jardin des Plantes, Cheauvere Dumage, Pio Nino, Beauty du Nord, Poggie, Rifleman, and Little Harry.

I will give a few of the best pompones next week.

Your obedient servant,

Temple Gardens, Nov. 4. SAM'L. BROOME.

THE OLD SYCAMORE IN THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS.

This venerable tree, of which we give an illustration, marks the site of the old Thames wall on which it was

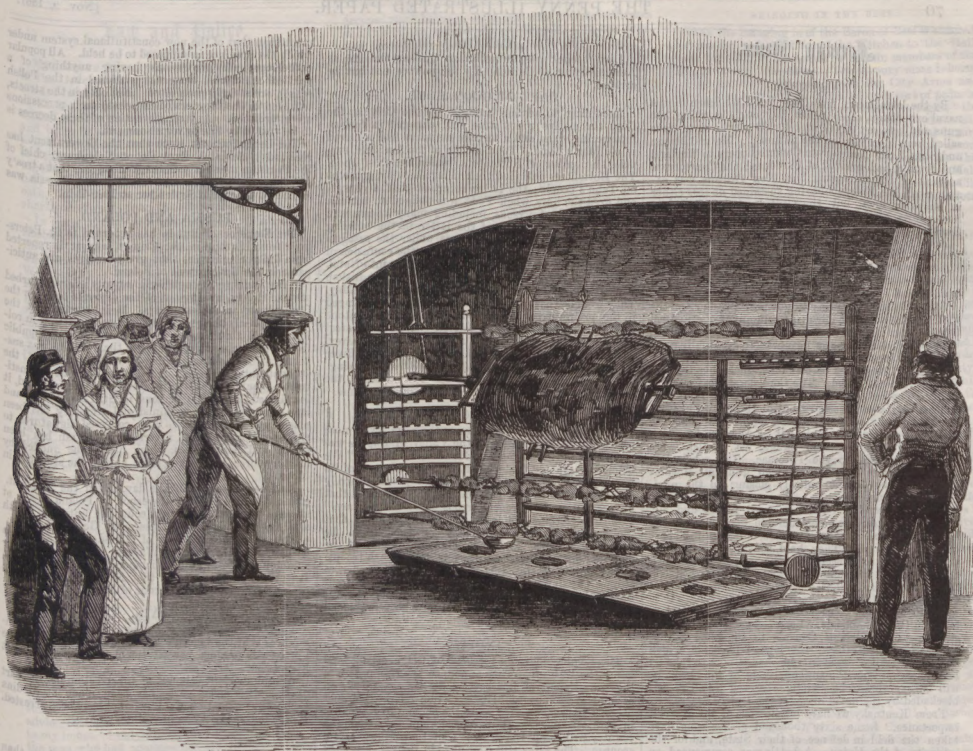


TRUNK OF AN AGED SYCAMORE IN TEMPLE GARDENS.

growing in the reign of James II. Under its shade Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and their companions used to sit for hours during the summer months.



THE VESTA CHRYSANTHEMUM IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY: ROASTING THE BEEF.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY: BRINGING IN THE BEEF.—SEE PAGE 71.

Foreign News.

AMERICA.

By the latest news from New York we learn that a naval expedition, composed of 60 vessels carrying 600 guns and between 30,000 and 40,000 men, was to have sailed from Hampton on the 27th ult.; Messrs. Mason and Sillwell, the Confederate Commissioners to England and France, had arrived at Cardenas; the Confederate account of the engagement at New Orleans was exaggerated, the Federals having sustained no loss either in ships or men, but the Confederates retreated to Santa Rosa, after having suffered heavy loss; and that General Price is reported to be still retreating.

A battle had been fought at Bolivar's Heights near Harper's Ferry, resulting in a complete victory to the Union troops. During the engagement the Unionists captured a 32-pounder, which they subsequently made good use of.

At the battle which was fought near Leesburg on the 21st ult., between the advanced column of the Federal troops under General Stone and a body of Confederates under General Evans, the former were eventually compelled to abandon the field and fall back on the Potomac, with the loss of 600 men, including General Baker, who was killed. The Confederate loss was unknown. The Federal troops were subsequently reinforced and marched upon Leesburg, but, on the approach of two strong columns of Confederates, aged veterans from Maryland. Some alarm is felt at Washington with regard to the supplies of forage, &c., which were formerly brought up the Potomac. The rebels had constructed a battery of eighteen guns at Mathias Point, thereby almost entirely closing up the navigation of the river.

The correspondence between Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward has occasioned considerable excitement in the North, and the New York journals, of course, take up with Mr. Seward. They hold that it is a piece of unwarrantable interference on the part of the British Government to interpret the laws of the United States, though Lord Lyons has an advocate of the principles which he maintained in the *New York Tribune*. It is said that further correspondence has taken place between the two officials. Lord Lyons had addressed a circular to the British Consuls in the rebel States, instructing them that "the law of blockade, which does not permit a vessel in a blockade not to be boarded a cargo after the announcement of the blockade, will be expected to be strictly observed by all vessels blockaded by the naval forces of the United States."

From Kentucky we have intelligence of the greatest importance. Some sixty thousand of her sons have taken the field in defence of their State; and for the integrity of the Union. A battle was commenced on the 21st at Camp Wild Cat between 7000 rebels under Zollicoffer, and 1200 Unionists under Colonel Garrard. Zollicoffer made three attacks, and was each time repulsed. The Union loss was very slight. Reinforcements were being sent forward to support Colonel Garrard. It was reported that Zollicoffer had been superseded by Lee. Very severe engagement had been fought at Pilot Knob in South-eastern Missouri between the rebels under Jeff. Thompson and Colonel Lowe, and the Union troops under General Wymann. The former were defeated with great loss. Lowe was killed, and the rebels were on the retreat pursued by the Unionists. Major Garitt, and Captain Hyman, of the Indiana cavalry, were killed while storming a battery. Lexington had again fallen into the hands of the Union army, together with a considerable quantity of arms, ammunition, and military stores. The four guerrilla forces between General Fremont and Colonel Blair having been adjusted, it was stated that General Fremont would not be removed from the command of the Western Department for the present.

According to a letter from Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, there is a strong anti-slavery feeling in some of the regiments of the Federal army. He says:—"The battalions march, singing sternly,—

O John Brown lies a mouldering in his grave,

But his soul is marching on;

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Hallelujah, Hallelujah;

O John Brown lies a mouldering in his grave,

But his soul is marching on.

The rebels continued the withdrawal of their forces from the neighbourhood of Washington. They had evacuated Vienna and Fairfax Courthouse. General McClellan had established his headquarters at Annandale, a point about ten miles west of Alexandria. Secretary Seward, accompanied by Lord Lyons and M. Mercier, the French Minister, paid a visit to the camps on the south side of the river on the 10th.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

The Vienna papers of Nov. 5 contain the following announcement:—"The administration of Hungary will be delegated to a Governor, in the person of General Count Palffy, whose authority will be subordinate to that of the Aulic Chancery. All the present Obergespene will be superseded. The Assemblies of the Comitats are to be dissolved, and military tribunals established throughout the country."

BUENOS AYRES.

We have positive news of a splendid victory for the Constitutional party of the Republic. The arms of Buenos Ayres have given a deathblow to the barbarism which has so long desolated this country. The revolution of May, 1810, is ended, and, for the first time in history, the Liberal party among the Argentine people is triumphant.

CANADA.

Lord Monck was sworn in at Quebec, Oct. 25, as Administrator of Canada, his full powers not having arrived.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

According to advices brought by the *Celt*, at the Cape the native tribes were still engaged in furious internecine wars, and a terrible massacre had occurred in No Man's Land. Tabu, a chief of the Amhar, surprised a number of Hottentots, under the chief Fodo. The Hottentots defended their village bravely, and beat off Tabu's people; the latter returned to the charge, and fired the huts, when Fodo was obliged to retreat. Above a hundred persons, including many women and children, perished, some of the latter in the burning huts, afraid to retreat, and others under the assegais and knobkerries of their assailants in the confusion of the retreat. Fodo retreated with his cattle into Natal. Intelligence from the Zambesi mission under Bishop Mackenzie has been received up to the 15th of May. They were at that time in health, and actively engaged in the preliminary work of the mission. Livingstone was with them, and had rendered them the greatest assistance and kindness. In a letter to Sir G. Grey Bishop Mackenzie speaks favourably of the River Rovuma as an opening into Eastern Africa. Livingstone was anxiously expecting his new steamer, the *Nyassa*, now building, or by this time built, at home.

FRANCE.

The *Temps* of Nov. 5 announces that the Swiss note relative to the occupation of the Valley of Dappes was remitted to M. Thouvenel on Monday, and says:—"We believe we can add that the affair has lost much of its importance. It is said that French troops merely passed into the Swiss portion of the valley, and that no occupation by French troops has taken place." From Switzerland we learn, on the other hand, that the Federal Commissioners have refused to admit the Valley of Dappes, and have officially announced the violation of the neutral territory by the French troops. The *Moniteur* stated last week that, "in order to at once cut short all false commentaries, we call attention to the fact that the *Moniteur* is the sole organ of the policy of the Government, and that no semi-official journal exists in France."

INDIA.

The Bombay journals received by the overland mail are to the 13th ult. They announce the resignation of the government of Bombay by Sir George Clerk, on account, it is supposed, of indisposition. Eight thousand persons have fallen victims to the cholera in Kandahar in eighteen days. It is hoped, however, that the country will escape the general visitation of the dreadful scourge. The rains still continued in Bengal, attended with increased destruction from inundations. A deficient harvest in the lower districts of the presidency is expected in consequence.

ITALY.

The Italian Parliament will assemble on the 26th inst. At Naples General De Manno, one of the Senators of the National Guard on Tuesday, and addressed them in a speech in which he said he had reason to hope that the Bourbons would soon leave home.

A letter from Italy states that Baron Bisciolini daily receives letters from priests from all parts of Italy living in their adhesion to the opinions of Father Passaglia. These opinions, it is well known, are adverse to the existence of the temporal power of the Pope, and if there is any truth in this statement the Roman difficulty may be better and more quietly settled by the priests of the Roman Church.

Father Passaglia is staying at Turin with the Marquis Gustavo de Cavour, eldest brother of the famous Minister. A letter from that city says that on his presenting himself at the Church of Notre Dame aux Angles the other day, to his great astonishment, a decree of interdiction was placed in his hands. "This," says the correspondent, "is a petty act of spite on the part of the Archbishop of Turin, who, from his retreat at Lyons, takes care to show himself from time to time more ultramontane than they are at Rome."

An expedition, composed of 400 Bourbonnais, which was being organised at Malta, has been prevented from proceeding by the arrest of the chief accomplices at Naples.

PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia has recently made a speech to the authorities of Potsdam, the object of which unquestionably was to efface the impression produced by his unhappy discourses immediately before and immediately after the coronation. He declared that he would remain always faithful to the Constitution, and that he hoped the people would do the same; adding, it is said, that he trusted the people would give new proofs of their adhesion to the Constitution by the results of the approaching elections. His Majesty spoke in a similar strain, and no doubt with a similar object, to a deputation of students from Berlin who waited on him to offer their congratulations upon his coronation, and to whom his Majesty declared that he was determined to lend his aid to "reasonable and moderate progress." These declarations have been received in Prussia with a marked satisfaction, and may do much to efface the exceedingly unfavorable impression which even in Prussia, and even during the excitement of a coronation, the extraordinary previous declarations of the King produced.

In the province of Posen rigorous measures are being adopted to put down the Polish demonstrations—measures which seem rather to suit the style of a Russian Govern-

ment than that of the now constitutional system under which the province is supposed to be held. All popular gatherings, all processions having any political or national character (national in the Polish sense), are strictly prohibited. Not only in the streets, but even in the interiors of churches, such processions are interdicted. Any contravention of these decrees is to be visited by fine or imprisonment, as are acting in collusion.

The Berlin journals state that the Government has received a despatch from Count Eulenburg, chief of the Prussian mission in China, announcing that a treaty of commerce between that country and Prussia was signed on the 2nd of September at Tien-Tsin.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

The Emperor of Russia has returned to St. Petersburg from his tour in the Crimea, and it is reported from different quarters that great changes are anticipated in the Government of Poland.

News arriving through Berlin reports a very disturbed state of things, arising out of the quarrels between the Government and the students. It is asserted that the students of all the great Universities are acting in collusion, and that they represent a condition of public feeling far more widely diffused than at first was suspected. A petition calling for the release of the students lately arrested, and demanding that a Commission should be granted to inquire into the cause, is affirmed, by 17,000 persons in St. Petersburg; and it is even stated that a ministerial secretary has been placed under arrest for having collected signatures to this petition. The University of Kazan has been closed, and disturbances which had to be quelled by military force, have taken place among the students in Moscow.

An Imperial order of the day, dated the 2nd inst., grants Count Lambert, Governor of Poland, leave of absence to travel in foreign countries until his health shall be restored. He is replaced by General Liders.

The *Breslauer Zeitung* of Tuesday states that a despatch had arrived at Warsaw from the Emperor summoning Count Mikulski to St. Petersburg. It was generally expected that M. Wladislawski would return to Warsaw as Governor of Poland.

SPAIN.

The *Correspondencia* of Nov. 3 announces that the Queen's Speech at the opening of the Cortes will promise constitutional reforms of the most liberal character.

An important attempt at insurrection on the part of the Regency party has been made at Medina del Campo. The instigators of this attempt have been arrested. It was not necessary to use military force.

GUY FAWKES DAY.—There were fewer Gays than usual shown about the streets on Tuesday. An extraordinary demonstration was made by the Fire Brigade. A procession started from the chief station, in Watling-street, at seven o'clock in the evening, and proceeded down Friday-street, Broad-street, Tranceler-street, Trinity-lane, and Bow-lane. The procession was headed by one of the firemen, who wore on his back, in large Russian-blue characters, the words, "Hero of Bull's Run." He was seated upon a horse, and held an open sword in hand. In front of the horse were some firemen wearing helmets, dressed in their usual uniform, and carrying branches of engines in their hands, to lead the police, and the public know who they were. By repeated blowing through the pipes they made a noise which in former times was made at Bartholomew fair. Behind the commander and advance guard was a guard of honour, consisting of firemen, grotesquely dressed. Amongst the number were slaveowners, wearing laces as large as the top of a brewer's beer barrel, then followed a number of firemen dressed up as negroes, wearing black masks, and led captive by the owners. Others of the brigade were dressed out as soldiers and sailors who were determined to rescue the oppressed. Upon returning to the station a ball took place, and many lively polkas, waltzes, &c., were played upon the harp, the concertina, the violin, and dulcimer.

MARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.—The number of persons married in the spring quarter was 83,932. The marriage rate was 108 to 10,000 of the population, which is less by two than the average, and less by eight than the annual number married in the same quarter of last year, when, as is shown by the returns of the Poor-law Board, the labouring class were in a more thriving condition.

A WOMAN OF EIGHTY WALKING FROM LONDON TO CORNWALL.—On Monday week an old woman, named Vance, of Penzance, applied to the Mayor at the Guildhall, Exeter, for assistance. Mr. Superintendent Steel stated that she was eighty years old, and had lived for some time with her daughter, who had a large family in London, but, as her daughter could not maintain her, the old lady resolved to revisit the home of her youth—Penzance, and set off on this long journey, on foot, in the second week of October. After fourteen days' walk she arrived at Exeter, and now made her application to the Mayor for a trifle to help her on the road to Plymouth. She is short and stout, and bears her head bravely. In answer to the Mayor she said that she was eighty at the time she left London. The Mayor exclaimed, "Well done! you hear it nobly." In reply to further questions she said that she had been a widow fifteen years. The Mayor directed that a halcyon should be given to this Cornish prodigy, and the old lady, curious to say that she had received "great friendship" in Exeter.

Law and Police.

MURDER IN ALDERNEY.—Thomas Gake, a workman in the Government quarries at Alderney, was apprehended on that island on Wednesday week on a charge of having murdered his wife. His anger had been excited against his wife by finding a rent in his trousers, and being intoxicated he began threatening her. To save herself the poor woman went outside the house and ran a few paces, upon which he commenced throwing stones at her. As these, however, did not strike her, she continued to run, he exclaimed with an oath, "I will stop you," and fired at her. She died shortly afterwards from the effects of the wound.

IN THE COURT OF ARCHBISHOPS.—Last Saturday, Dr. Linsington pronounced judgment in the case of the Rev. Mr. Heath, Vicar of Bredford, in the Isle of Wight, who was accused by his diocesan, the Bishop of Winchester, of teaching doctrines contrary to the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer. The learned Judge commented at length upon the opinions advanced by the reverend gentleman and decided that they were directly antagonistic to the doctrines of the Church of England. He deferred the passing of the sentence of deprivation, as Mr. Heath has still left to him the power of retraction.

HOW A BAKER LOST £110.—At the Croydon Police Court last Saturday, George Cleave, alias "Dobbin Joe," and Joseph McEvine, alias "Crabby," two distinguished men, were charged with being concerned with others not in custody in stealing £110, the money of James George, a baker carrying on business at Bedfordstead, Sydenham, near Croydon. The prosecutor, a young man of twenty-four, said—On the afternoon of Friday, the 4th of October, I was going along the road at Croydon when I met the prisoner Cleave and a man not in custody. At this time there were four men in the road playing cards. The prisoner watched the game. Having been there about five minutes, the man who was in the company of Cleave asked me to go to the Railway Bell and have a glass of ale with him. I assented, and shortly afterwards the prisoner McEvine came in and ordered a glass of ale for himself. The man not in custody then asked McEvine to lend him some money, saying he could give him good security, upon which McEvine offered to lend him a sum of £50 at five per cent interest. On my being represented to him by Mr. McEvine as a friend, he also offered to lend me as much money as I could produce myself, to show that I was a respectable and substantial person. McEvine then said to me, "If you go home first and get £100 I will lend you that sum." I directly went home for the money by their advice, the man not in custody accompanying me nearly to my house. I only brought a £10 note at first. Then the man who had accompanied me suggested that we should leave the Railway Bell. We accordingly went to the Volunteer public-house, where Mr. McEvine ordered him a pint of beer, which we drank between us. McEvine here turned to the other man and said he would lend him the money, and then, turning to me, said he would also lend me the money as he had promised. I left the £10 note with Mr. McEvine, who said he would lend me money upon that, and that I must produce at least £100. I then went out, leaving the £10 note upon the table. McEvine and the man not in custody remained in the room. Cleave was not in the room at this time. I left the £10 note with Mr. McEvine, who said he would come back with more money. I returned with £100, made up of £35 in notes and £71 in gold. I counted out the money upon the table, and McEvine said, "It is all right now, and, as you have fetched your money, I'll lend you £100 at five per cent interest." He said he must have a stamp. I then took up my money, and, on McEvine asking me if I had got it all secure, I told him I had. One of the men began tossing with McEvine, and wanted me to toss also; but, never having forced in my life, I declined. McEvine then remarked that I must get the stamp, and I should have the money directly, at the same time telling Cleave to go with me. On returning to the room I discovered that all the men had taken their departure. I at once recollected that I had placed my money upon the table, and covered it with my handkerchief, and, although Mr. McEvine said that it would be all right there, it was not. Cleave did not want me to go back, but urged me to go for the stamp. On saying I must go back and see after the money, he went off another way. On the Sunday (Oct. 31) I was in London, and, having occasion to go into a shop in the Borough, I saw Mr. McEvine pass, and, immediately recognising him, I went up to him and said, "How are you this morning? It's a fine day." He asked me if I knew him, on telling him I thought I had seen him at Croydon he denied ever having been there. I then asked him for his address, and he told me No. 4, King-street. I kept up with him until I saw a police constable, and then gave him into custody. The sergeant, Sergeant Bell, P. P., proceeded to apprehending Cleave, and asked for a demand to produce further evidence. The prisoners were ordered to be brought up for final examination on Saturday (this day).

FATAL ENCOUNTER.—At the Mansion House, on Thursday week, Robert Linton, a young man of twenty-four, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with manslaughter. Walter Sawkins said the deceased, whose name was James Taylor, the prisoner, and himself were in the employment of Mr. Oscar Frankenstein, a printer in Shoe-lane. On Wednesday week, while they were at work, the prisoner taunted Taylor with making slow progress. Taylor replied that he would settle the matter with him outside. They

dropped work between eight and nine o'clock. Witness and two others walked along Cheapside; Taylor overtook the witness there, and stepped briskly on until he came up with the prisoner, and challenged him to fight. Taylor, to avoid a blow from the prisoner, stepped backward upon the glass of an area skylight, and his foot slipping, he fell, the back part of his head striking the pavement. Unable to rise, he was lifted up in a state of insensibility by his brother and a friend of the prisoner, and taken in a cab to St. George's Hospital. He died either there or on the way. The prisoner was remanded pending the Coroner's inquest. Making an application to be allowed to put in bail he was liberated on finding one surety in £100 and entering into his own recognisances in £100. His master, Mr. Frankenstein, who said the prisoner was a very steady, inoffensive man, became surety for him. The next day the Coroner's inquest was held, when a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

WANDSWORTH POLICE COURT.—A woman named Lewis, who complained a short time since that the Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, the Vicar of Battersea, refused to church her after her confinement, or to christen her infant, on the ground of her not being married, attended last Saturday to state the result of the application she made to the Bishop of Winchester. She handed the magistrate a letter of which the following is a copy:—"Farnham Castle, Surrey, Oct. 31.—Mrs. Evans—I am directed by the Bishop of Winchester to acquaint you that he has communicated with the Vicar of Battersea, who will be prepared to baptize your infant on its being presented for that purpose at such time as he may appoint, with the sponsors required by the Church. I am, yours faithfully, G. H. SUMNER, Chaplain." The applicant wished to know whether she could recover from the Rev. Mr. Jenkinson the expenses she had been put to? Mr. Dryman said he could not answer the question.

SELF-ACCUSATION OF MURDER.—William Nuttall, a cotton-spinner, at Ratcliffe, near Bury, has been placed in the New Bailey, Salford, till an opportunity has been offered to the police of investigating a charge made by Nuttall against himself. He accuses himself of having committed a murder. He says he knocked a man down on the night of Monday week, and then threw his body in the canal. Search was made in the canal, but nothing was found.

THE RUMMAY BAKERY.—John Cross Smith, a watchmaker and jeweller, lately carrying on business in two shops in King William-street, City, was brought up for final examination at the Guildhall on Saturday last. He was charged with feloniously absconding from his liabilities, and failing to surrender in the Court of Bankruptcy after being adjudged a bankrupt. There was a second charge against the prisoner for concealing and embezzling his estate to the value of about £1000, with intent to cheat and defraud his creditors. Alderman Hale fully committed the bankrupt for trial.

A DISHONEST TAX COLLECTOR.—On Monday, at the Nottingham Quarter Sessions, Robert Wright, aged forty-nine, late poor-rate collector, was found guilty of embezzling £10 12s. 9d., the property of the overseers, and was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. The prisoner was not charged with the full amount of his defalcations, which are estimated at £323.

ANOTHER CAB "OUTRAGE."—On Monday a cab-driver, named Riley, was remanded on bail by the Rochdale magistrates on a charge of committing an outrage somewhat similar in its nature to that in which Curran was convicted the other day at Dublin. The complainant, a Mrs. Sharp, did not appear.

FINES FOR LETTING OFF FIREWORKS.—At the Clerkenwell Police Court, on Monday, William Searle, aged sixteen, was charged before Mr. D. Rymond with letting off fireworks at some houses. By the new Act persons setting fireworks subject themselves to a penalty if they dispose of them to children under sixteen years of age. The defendant in this case had been, along with some other boys, letting off fireworks in front of the chapel in Chapel-street, just as the congregation were going to Divine worship. The defendant was ordered to pay a fine of 2s., or in default to undergo three days' imprisonment. The fine was paid. George Winder, aged thirteen, and William Fish, aged seventeen, were fined 1s. each for similar offences.

THE GREAT KITCHEN AT GUILDHALL.

Our Illustration shows the Great Kitchen at Guildhall, with the principal features of the interior of one of the Barons of Beef, and some thirty fowls. The range is 10ft. in length, and 7ft. high; and to make up the roasting fire takes one ton of coals! The weight of the Baron of Beef is often as much as 3 cwt.; and the large spit is turned by a person placed for this purpose as shown in the Engraving. This gigantic spit, by-the-way, has done solid and service elsewhere than in the City Kitchen. In 1820, on the coming of age of the present Marquis Camden, there were great rejoicings at the family seat in Devon, when the provision of the good cheer was at a loss for an implement wherewith to roast the entire ox, till the difficulty was removed by borrowing the Great City Spit.

The Guildhall Kitchen is a vast apartment of great length. During the preparation of the dinner the place presents an extraordinary scene, not only in its huge fires, at which some fourteen tons of coals are consumed, but in the slaughter of thirty or forty turtles for soup, and the united labours of twenty cooks requisite to dress a dinner for the guests, generally above a thousand in number, the serving of which occupies one hundred and eighty more persons.

BRINGING IN THE BEEF.

When the bringing in of the Baron of Beef is enacted, a procession is formed from the Kitchen to the Hall, where the entry is witnessed by certain members of the Entertainment Committee. The savory mass is borne in a great triumph, decorated with the City Arms and Union Jacks, and is then deposited on a sort of pedestal at the foot of the Beekford Monument. At night, "the Baron" is cut up by "the City Carver," whose exclusive office it is to dispose of the substantial luxury among the guests at the banquet; and we can assure the reader that incessant are the demands for this "Roast Beef of Old England" throughout the Hall. The victuals left are cut up and distributed to the City poor who have been supplied with the requisite tickets.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

This ceremony takes place in the Guildhall on the afternoon of the 8th, and is, in all respects, a most solemn and imposing one. To understand its character, the spectator should be fully informed of the nature of the wonderful Corporation whose representatives are then assembled before him. Without this we have known the observant Kohl himself look on in vain, and declare that London was the only city he found it difficult to comprehend. The Corporation of London consists of the whole body of citizens, under the style of "Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens." The ministerial, judicial, and legislative management of the affairs of this Corporation devolve on the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council. The Courts of Aldermen and Common Council are distinct; but the Aldermen sit in the Common Council as of right, and its sittings are held under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The Aldermen are elected for life, the Common Councilmen are elected annually, in their respective wards. The companies or guilds of London are to the Corporation what the halls and colleges of Cambridge and Oxford are to their respective universities; each complete within itself, each an independent institution, yet component parts of the whole. The Guildhall is the public place of the Corporation, as the City Hall is the place of the City of London; each company has its own hall, or its own place of meeting, for the transaction of the business of the company. Eighty-nine companies are enumerated in the Corporation List, but of these eight are practically extinct. Twelve companies take precedence of the others in rank and wealth; they are called the twelve great Livery Companies of London, which have large possessions in real property, money in the funds, and therefore are in the receipt of large annual incomes. These are the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers.

On the 8th of November the multitudinous members and representatives of these venerable fraternities, each arrayed in the garments of his tribe, assemble at a "court of hustings," to receive from the old Lord Mayor a re-ignation of his office and to tender the oaths to the new one on his acceptance of the vacant chair. The scene presents us with a model of the entire framework of the British empire, as represented by Sovereign, Lords, Commons, and all classes of people. The walls of London send their twenty-six Aldermen and 240 Common Councilmen to gaze on the transmigration of the Lord Mayor. The state that surrounds the Corporation is a type of the state that surrounds the Monarchy. In the annual election of the "King of the City" we have a memorial of the time when the King of the land was elective. In the meeting of the Corporation within Guildhall we see a shadow—and a magnificent shadow—of the time when the entire community met and acted together; yes, we have a memorial of the time when the Lords occupied the upper end of the chamber of Parliament and the Commons humbly stood below. The Aldermen are types of the Barons; the Common Council of the Commons; while in the Iremmen of the companies, who have the privilege, above their brother freemen, of electing the civic functionaries, we have a type of the constituencies of Britain. We may see, too, a miniature of the Judges of the land in the attendant Recorder and Common Sergeant; while the Sheriffs, Under-Sheriffs, Town Clerk, Remembrancer, Pleaders, Secondaries, Attorneys, Auditors, Wardens, Clerks, Officers of the Lord Mayor's Household, City Marshals, and the host of minor functionaries, who pour in among the crowd, give the ceremony an imposing air of grandeur.

The last hour of the Lord Mayor's reign approaches; but the Lord Mayor never dies—his spirit is immortal. Two chairs—a small and a large one—are therefore placed, that in the presence of the representatives of the eighty-one existing guilds of London the information may be seen, and the Corporation be proved to live for ever. But, before this important act takes place, a more important one is transacted—the Lord Mayor elect is sworn (see our Engraving). This is a ceremony of high religious import. Laid on his knees before a table with the City charters and other formal documents, his hands placed on the Gospels, he is devoutly pledged to "keep faith and a good conscience" in the maintenance of his state and dignity. This done, the departing Mayor celebrates seats with him; and, lo! the power of the Lord Mayor has passed from one body to another! Swordbearer, Alcebecher, Pursuivante, advance with threefold obeisance and lay their emblems of office on the neck of the new Mayor, and stand among the crowd, sunk to the level of common humanity. But the new Lord Mayor speaks: it is the voice of law—the command of authority. Swordbearer,

Macebearer, and Pursebearer, advance once more; they resume their insignia of office, and start up official beings. Such is the initial act of the new Lord Mayor; 'now is Mortimer lord of the City. The ex-Lord Mayor, seated on a low chair, denuded of the collar of S, the jewels, and all outward and visible signs of supreme power, then receiveth the congratulations of the company, and, after him, the new Lord Mayor, in like manner, the same.

WHITTINGTON RESTING ON HIGHGATE HILL.

If all Lord Mayors would write their biographies we wonder how many of them would be found to have been influenced in their career by the remembrance of Whittington. Such stories obtain strong hold of the boy, in his imaginative period, when the world is as yet to him like an unopened but most attractive book of romance. They help to turn the thoughts and aims into given directions, from which the grown man does not find it easy, even if he desires, to extricate himself. And there is a deep truth in them. The government of a city like London, if it were what it ought to be, would really be sufficient to satisfy the ambition of the most able man. Lord Mayors in old times occupied a position, that even

the proudest noblemen of England might envy. And it would be so again if the municipal government of London were once more placed on a healthy basis. We are tired of hearing of the improvement of Paris; why have we not our improvements of London, directed with equal energy, but with less of lavish recklessness as to cost? It is hardly possible to overrate the good that may be done in any large city by a combination of its wisest and most public-spirited men, acting through the organisation of a local government. And how much more so that of London? Do not let us, then, only smile at the boy enthusiast, who pricks up his ears as he hears the bells calling him back—

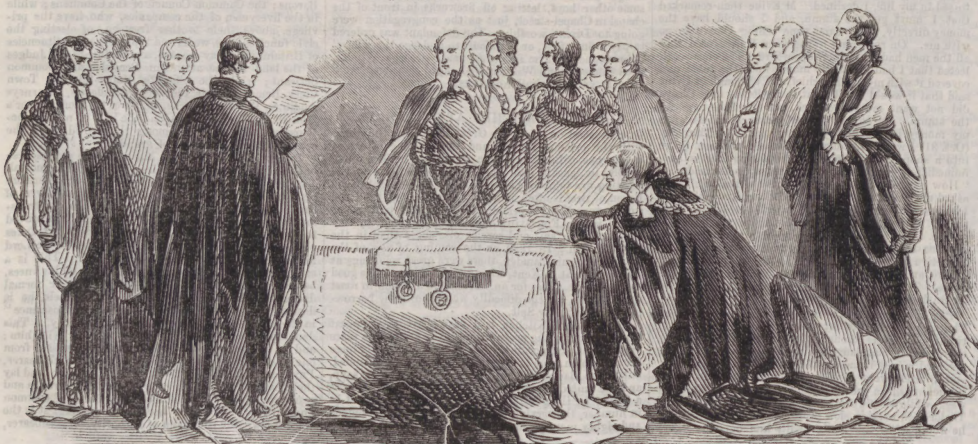
Turn again, Dick Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

It would be well if we could keep in mature years a touch of this same vivid and wonder-working quality.

Of the story illustrated in our Engraving we need say little, it is so well known. But we may append a few words as to the picture from which the engraving was taken. This was painted by Mr. F. Newenham, for the Whittington Club and presented to its members by the late Douglas Jerrold. Unhappily it was destroyed in the fire with the building in question.



WHITTINGTON ON HIGHGATE HILL.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY SWEARING IN THE LORD MAYOR.

Two Black Masks.

BY
BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER III.

Beauregard was a busy, if not a very interesting, village. It was halfway between some considerable iron-mines and great smelting-works; so that it was to the mind of Widow Souchet, who kept the *Bon Voyageur*, where entertainment for man and beast might be obtained, most admirably situated. Unquestionably, when this lean, leathery, little hostess stood at her doorway by the perpendicularly-adjusted broom that served as scraper to the wooden shoes of her rough customers, and looked to the right and left, Beauregard was a pleasant place to dwell in. She saw long rows of straggling cottages, with black sloughs of despond before every doorway; children with basket-hats (very like melons with the flesh removed) driving lean tulkies through the mire; old women, their heads closely bound in tawdry handkerchiefs, bending under their load of dead brushwood gathered from the forest for the oven; the lank, trembling arms of extreme age still

wandering over primitive spinning wheels; sheepskin-breasted hedges; carters in their white nightcaps and blouses adjusting rope-harness noisily to those hurdles upon wheels that shamble along the roads of France with the driver asleep at the bottom of them; and troops of ragged urchins, laxy gossips, and stout Flemish horses, red with the dust of the ironstone, before blacksmith Edmond's door. To the right and left were these lowly huts, here painted carulean blue, there red-umbered, and glowing as Bacchus' cheeks; in all not want nor comfort, not much more skill nor sense of civilised life, than the otter has. A cauldron of sorrel-soup upon the deal table twice daily, and greedy wooden spoons round about it, with a rocky lump of black bread at hand; on holidays a pound or so of fat bacon from the pig that last year grunted round about the table and was the best friend the family ever had—buttermilk at sunrise. To this modest end Pater wielded the flail or held the plough; Mater tied the shaves, or drove the team, or cleaned the farm stable; while the children minded house, or led the tethered cow to the grassy lanes, the year through. Humble fare and humble duties! Tenpence, no more, Pater earned between every rising and setting of the sun—Mater no more than sixpence. But

every spoon that dips into the marmite must throw something into the pot. The babes go to the wood and gather sticks till their little backs ache under the load. Grandmother's spinning-wheel whirrs while her strength lasts. Grandfather, leaning heavily upon his staff, carries a few eggs and a little butter to market.

The ornament—the light to brighten this heavy round of duties; this sweat by day and sleep at night upon a pallet, or with merely a litter of straw between aching bones and mother earth! By the window, not larger than a child's satchel, a porcelain cross is hung, with a drop of holy water beneath. Over the cavernous chimney-corner is a little bust of grandmother's hero, whom she saw in her young days, grey coat, cocked hat, and all. Here, it may be, are one or two coarse drawings, besmeared with red, yellow, and blue, and framed in black wood. These are Versailles gallery in the eyes that are familiar with them; for at this Bridge of Arcle a nephew perished, and in this sombre retreat from Moscow the cousin, who had he lived, "would have made people talk about him," as grandfather would tell his grandchildren again and again, faded from the world, and it was grandmother's ineffaceable conviction, was devoured by the wolves, even to his worsted epaulets. A prayer-book



TWO BLACK MASKS—THE BLACKSMITH AND THE PEASANTS SINGING "THE MARSEILLAISE."

perhaps a torn Telemachus, in familiar mottled-green boards. Little more than this ornament and light would the most searching commission of inquiry have discovered in the *chambers* of Beauregard.

Yet there was not a little happiness hereabouts, for there was much content. A good day's gleaming, the appearance of a fine calf, the slightest rise in butter, a betrothal, a christening, a marriage, the ducasse or fair, fête days, were gleams of sunshine in these humble homes. Sometimes a footsore soldier, his seven years' service done, turned under the thatch that protected his birth. A general once galloped to the *Bon Voyageur*, jumped from his saddle, and caught a mother in his arms, under one of the crazier thatches Widow Souchet could see from her door.

There were days also when the mud floor was speckled with tears—when the black cloth drooped across the door, and the inmates had to share the room with death; when a son had "fallen" to be a soldier. He and his equally unfortunate companions might shout their war songs in their cups; his home was in deep gloom. When the heavens had rained upon the outlying corn; when the pig sickened; when the earth rang like metal with the frost, and fuel failed; when the garde champêtre caught a poacher or a trespasser, and a heavy fine impended; these ill winds, and others, ruffled the tide of this village life.

To the passing traveller Beauregard appeared a

village dedicated to St. Lazarus—a dull dwelling-place, in which the soul would rust under the reigning monotony. But it was the Boulevards and Champs-Élysées to Mme. Souchet, who had the history of every man, woman, and child at her tongue's end. The miners, their industry, and particularly their excesses, were deeply interesting to her. The shabby carts laden with the iron ore that rumbled past her door; the men who trooped to her at sundown from their hot day's work to slake their thirst; the occasional pedlars; the gendarmes who clattered to her hostelry, and strode in with a step that shook the house; the strange people who three days in every week emerged from the diligence to taste her wine and brandy, gave brilliant life, in her esteem, to Beauregard.

"For learning," Mme. Souchet said, "there is our worthy Curé. I am told on very good authority there is not his match in all the department; and I make no exception of my Lord Bishop—although his eminence did once take a glass of my hot wine." The Curé was, indeed, if not all that Mme. Souchet described, at least the admirable Orison of Beauregard—a very earnest, jovial, sensible, kindly man, who did his duty by his parishioners, and found the duty light. His house, near the old church, was merely a thatched cottage—a little loftier and better kept than the cottages round about. He had contrived a little study within its narrow bound, wherein he had stored the few dozen

volumes by the mere appearance of which he had obtained in Beauregard the reputation Mme. Souchet eloquently described. His old housekeeper spoke rapturously about him. She wondered he was not ill, he read so much! There was only one thing, she knew, that could turn the sweetness of his temper, and that was cold coffee. It must be boiling hot, or he would not put his lips to it. He liked his good Bordeaux wine, but he limited himself strictly to one bottle daily. As the clock struck nine he called for his taper and went to bed, and he might be heard praying to the good God before he put his light out. He snored awfully; but none of us are perfect. It was charming to see the grace and good-will with which, when he was asked by a neighbouring pastor to officiate for him, the good man put his prayerbook under his arm, and, wet or dry, went on his duty, perhaps three or four leagues away. Could anybody be kinder to the schoolboys? He had always something in his pockets for the village children—if a trifle, a plum or an apple, or a walnut; but then the good Curé was not rich. The postman could tell whether the pastor of Beauregard was hospitable or not. How often had he made even the garde champêtre amiable? Blacksmith Edmond was a faithful and most abusive heretic; but he would give the Curé a character, and an excellent one. People came leagues to hear him preach: he was eloquent; and the most ignorant and foolish of his

parishioners could understand every word he said. He was sublime at a funeral, and then how gay at a marriage! If the Pope only knew half his virtues and abilities he would make him a Cardinal.

The Curé's housekeeper, and Madame Souchelet had all this to say in favour of the spiritual director of Beauregard. The hostess of the Bon Voyageur had her aversions, and these were as enthusiastic as her possessions. The pastor, and blacksmith Edmond were the north pole and the south pole of her world. The latter, she insisted, was the very worst man in the whole department, and would, sooner or later, be carried from the village tied to the saddles of two gendarmes. The sooner the better for her part; and she wished he would not give his patronage to the Bon Voyageur, for she didn't want him there—neither him nor the like of him. She really did wonder that Antoine (of the diligence, if it will be remembered) had anything to say to him. The manner in which he spoke about the lawful King, of France was enough to offend any honest person's ears; and as for his newspapers, they were good, clean paper that might have been useful at the grocery's, spoiled. If not in the hostess of the Bon Voyageur, Edmond had his supporters. Edmond was one of the few villagers who could spell his way through the columns of a newspaper. This advantage, added to his natural abilities and his business, had made him, we have already remarked, a leader of opinion. Any yokel who was mocked at for the expression of some startling opinion confounded mockers by adding that this opinion was that of Edmond.

So that there was a little undercurrent of life and of interest in Beauregard, although the look, the tone, and monotony. The swan glides apparently motionless upon the water; but the webfoot is working lustily under the snowy bank of feathers.

The answers which Edmond gave Count de Capelle presaged a stormy conversation that would be distinctly observable to the reader of the ninetieth fol. There was in the pocket of the blacksmith a paper wad that, easily as the genius of discord waves up the cardboard cloud and muslin mists of a stage subterranean world with her silver stick, could rattle the calm of the village, and make the day darker over the destinies of all.

The use to which Edmond turned this potent weapon remains to be seen.

CHAPTER IV.

"Allons, enfants de la patrie—i-i-i!" (Arise, ye sons of France!) sang Edmond, gayly, snapping his hard fingers at the doorstep of the Bon Voyageur.

"Are you mad?" screamed Madame Souchelet from behind her counter.

"Le jour de Gloire est arrivé!" (The day of glory has arrived!) Edmond continued, still snapping his fingers. "This is a little for you," said Madame Souchelet. She would, I verily believe, have done her best to cast the brawny blacksmith from her house, had he continued the infamous song; but he laughed a loud laugh, and passed gaily into the spacious, low, smoky, mud-paved salle or parson, in which many of his evenings were spent. He strode into the middle of the room with the air of a man whose authority was beyond all question.

"I salute you, citizens," said Edmond, lifting the white nightcap from his iron-grey hair.

"Citizens!"

"Ugh!" grunted an old man who, although it was July, and there was no fire, crouched instinctively towards the hearth.

"What, Big Corporal, grunting again? I say, citizens!" A thump upon the table by a blacksmith's arm emphasised an assertion as effectually as any gesture I can call to mind.

"Citizens!" the ploughmen and carters, who were tranquilly smoking their staling excrement, and drinking threepenny wine, or cider, stared at Edmond. This shining light of Beauregard seated himself, and trimly plucked his pipe. This was the hour when he could prove his superiority.

"One of the old stories, I warrant," said the Big Corporal, who was the only man in the room able to answer Edmond.

Edmond plunged his pipe into the little box of burning ashes kept for the purpose, and pulled volumes of smoke and idly curled them in the air.

The Big Corporal should have the honours of an introduction to the reader. He was a soldier of the Empire. He charged with the French Guard at Waterloo. Accustomed to victory, this signal defeat had preyed incessantly upon his mind. "Napoleon!" he would cry; "if the little man had only remained with his brave soldiers! He would have been Emperor of all Europe by this time." He was in the courtyard of Fontainebleau when the little man took leave of his Guards and bade them remember him. He owned that tears trickled to his moustache at that moment. "A little man," he would say, holding his stick aloft, "but a great captain. Peace to his ashes! The glory of France lies buried in his grave, over which the cruel red-coat guards." He was full of an old soldier's stories. Wondering children learned from him how fields were won and how cities were sacked—how glorious and great France was then, when, under the eagle of Napoleon, three millions of her sons were slain, as his disciples, start where it might, ever turned to the exile of St. Helena, the garrulous old guardsman was christened the Big Corporal—"just," as Edmond said, "just to distinguish him from the Little Grey-coat." The Big Corporal was tall and erect, although he had seen seventy summers. His white, close-cut moustache

glinted across his copper features. He wore at the buttonhole of his strangely-cut coat a faded ribbon of the Legion. He would have you know that he was a Knight of the Legion of Honour. Madame Souchelet said that to see the Big Corporal drill the village children, with his stick for a musket, was one of the sweetest sights imaginable.

"It's one of the old stories, is it?" from Edmond presently, when it was quite convenient for him to answer the Big Corporal.

"Citizens!" the Corporal muttered; "but! but I couldn't shoulder a musket now, if the little man himself were to rise from his grave and beckon me. Yes, yes, *signifié!* I think I could then."

The old man's eyes lighted up, and he glanced round the company, delighted even with the idea that the return of the dead little man had passed a ray of sunshine through his mind.

"He's dead enough, and scarcely buried in English ground, and France doesn't intend to make any disturbance about that," said Edmond. "If his bones were carved into Prussian tipsticks I shouldn't sleep the less soundly. Now, will you listen?" Edmond took a newspaper from his pocket.

But the Big Corporal was furious. He brandished his stick at Edmond, rolled out oaths that would have done credit to a drummer of the Guard, and hinted that the matter could be arranged only after bloodshed. The first state of the Widow Souchelet, whom the innkeeper had attracted to the room, alone availed to calm the brave old soldier. He grumbled like distant thunder, even under the widow's bewitching influence.

"I am in no hurry," said the blacksmith, planting the newspaper under his arm and holding it there, as in a vice.

"Some more wine, Madame."

Widow Souchelet snatched the brown earthenware pail from the table and bounced out of the room, calling Edmond "a perfect firebrand" by the way.

Now if Edmond did respect any human creature, that creature did not wear petticoats.

"Women! women!" said he. "If they governed the world!"

"The men don't seem to be very good hands at it, anyhow," Widow Souchelet replied, placing Edmond's wine before him with a bang so nicely calculated that, while it conveyed to him her feelings in regard to him, did not imperil the pitcher.

"How do you know, Widow Souchelet?"

"I know what I know," said the widow, proud of her feminine point, which she darted like a fang at Edmond.

"Are you prepared—quite prepared?" Edmond asked his company, slowly lifting and unfolding the paper at the same time.

"Hear me out in silence."

"Brave citizens of Paris—Your behavior during these days of disaster is above all praise. When Charles X., quitting his capital, had surrendered you to gendarmes and the Swiss Guard, you defended your times with heroic valour. Let us persevere; let us rejoice in our order. A few more endeavours, and our enemies will be at our feet. Already they are panic-struck. We have intercepted the courier; they are dispatched to Dijon for more soldiers and to recommend the Duchess of Angoulême not to return. A provisional Government is established."

"Bah!" cried Edmond's audience.

"Hush!" from the reader. "Yes."

"A provisional Government is established; three most honourable citizens have undertaken its important functions. These Messrs. Lafayette, Chateaubriand, and Gérard, in whom you will find courage, firmness, and prudence. This day will put an end to all your anxieties and crown you with glory. Signed—The Deputies of France."

Edmond threw the paper upon the table and resumed his pipe. The stupefied villagers stared at each other and indulged in exclamations at once expressive and various. Edmond looked calm and indifferent.

"There has been bloodshed," Edmond presently added, still puffing smoke in spiral volumes from his mouth.

"It stands to reason," from the Big Corporal.

"The Swiss were beaten by the people led by a gallant lad named Arcole. There was magic in the name."

"Good, good; very good," said the Corporal, tapping the floor at each word with his weighty stick.

"At the Porte St. Denis Thierry, an old soldier under the Emperor, led prodigies of valour against the King's Guards."

"The little man's soldiers were not children. No; were not children," the Big Corporal interposed.

"This time," looking fiercely round, Edmond hissed, "we have them here! And he closed his fist and clenched it till the knuckles shone white."

"Where is the King, then?" poor Widow Souchelet begged for a reply. "He was such a dear, good, devout old gentleman. The Curé said he was."

"Capet!" cried Edmond, disdainfully turning upon his heel.

"While the cannon shook his palace windows he shuffled his cards, and trumped and followed suit, in the pleasant belief that his subjects were being cut to pieces by his stanch guards and hirelings. Had hearts and diamonds been printed in French blood he would not have thrown his hand up."

"For shame!" said the widow.

"Shame!" Edmond thundered, so loud that the widow uttered a little scream. "Shame! shame, to France! France, in having this miserable old man governed her. Shame! Napoleon was a tyrant and a blood-sucker (vehement denials by the Big Corporal), but he was a great general, and gave France glory. But to be the slave of the idiot, to be the oppressor of a nation, that is a crime. But France has seen her shame, and this time, or I am much mistaken, her vengeance will

be terrible. The Bourbon returned to us with cruelty on his lip."

"Ay, ay," from the Corporal; "poor Ney!"

"Let him be mindful of his skin, now we hold the knife."

The effect of this burst of indignation upon the yokels to whom it was addressed was intoxicating. The words were sounding, the epithets were strong, and France was put upon her dignity.

"More wine!" for Edmond.

He raised a brimmed pitcher to his lips, and shouting "Long live the Republic!" "Long live liberty!"—the astounded yokels echoing him to the full power of their lungs—he drank deep, till the veins on his temples and the muscles of his galled throat worked like those of a thirsty satyr.

Widow Souchelet wrung her hands in despair. "Her house would become suspected, and would be shut up. Why would they put a poor widow's bread in peril? The gendarmes might ride through the village at any moment. What would the Curé say?"

"The Curé! ha! ha!" bellowed Edmond. "What said the Archbishop of Paris when the tri-coloured flag lay for the people to the village of the palace? A lay for your Curé." Edmond stared demagogically at the horrified widow, and added, "Let your Curé beware: let him beware. And now, my men, let us celebrate the conquest of our liberties. We are all kings; we will have a nation of kings. Are we not all equal in the sight of God?"

Saying this, Edmond drew a tri-coloured scarf from under his leather apron and bound it round his loins.

"That," he said, "my father wore when he might wear a busy sword at his side."

"And now, free Frenchmen, follow me!"

Widow Souchelet vowed that she was ruined; that she would be seen eating the bread of charity. Edmond laughed. Her hand shook visibly. "I never," said Edmond, "saw a woman's hand tremble too violently to receive the bill."

"Have a care how you follow that violent man. Think of wife and family." This caution was addressed by the widow to Edmond's followers, who were dancing about the room, and arranging themselves so that every Frenchman loves—viz., a little public display. The Big Corporal looked on in silence. He shook his head when Edmond invited him to be of the party.

"For your republic—not I! I am the friend of order. I have seen too many glorious defenders of it. Be off with your republic: don't talk to me about it."

"Bravo, Corporal!" said the widow; and the old soldier's eyes sparkled under the smile of his little, determined hostess.

"The very thing!" Edmond shouted, lifting a little bust from the mantelpiece.

"For the love of Heaven don't touch that!" cried the widow.

It was the bust of Charles X., which the Curé had given to Madame Souchelet.

"We will bring the good man safe home," Edmond answered; and he fixed it on the top of a shepherd's crook, that was the property of one of his followers.

"A sheep's head upon the shepherd's staff!" cried a wit. And then a hoarse roar of laughter.

"It's a robbery!" the widow sobbed.

"No, no! a forced loan only. And forced loans have been levied by the most legitimate of Kings." This reply was, of course, Edmond's.

About a dozen of these excited peasants formed themselves arm-in-arm across the road. Edmond, in the centre, might have stood for old Marquis Mirabeau's picture of uprisen cowards. He describes them as "frightful men, or rather frightful wild animals, clad in pieces of coarse woollen, with large circles of leather, studded with copper nails; of gigantic stature, heightened by high wooden clogs." Such, indeed, were among the results of "Government by Blindman's-buff."

"They'll come to no good," said Widow Souchelet to the Big Corporal, watching the procession from her doorstep.

"But I am glad they no longer darken my doors."

"Hark!" cried the Corporal, just as the unruly fellows were disappearing in the distance. "Hark!"

"I haven't patience with the fools," the widow replied, while pouring out a dram of her best cognac to compose the Corporal after Edmond's rudeness to him.

"Hush! It's 'The Marseillaise.'"

The Corporal shook his head very wisely, then took his brandy.

(To be continued.)

DEVoured BY RATS.—In the last years of the Restoration (says the *Toulemouise*) a report was sent to the Minister of Marine announcing the disappearance from on board a brig of the Royal Navy of a piece of cannon which was declared to have been "devoured by rats."

The astonished Minister wrote with his own hand, at the foot of this singular document, "Approved, on account of the singularity of the fact."

An incident more easy to digest, but still very extraordinary, has just occurred at Toulon, where 60,000 kilogrammes of Taganrog wheat, which the naval authorities had sent to be ground at the mills of Dardennes, have completely disappeared, and the rats, not satisfied with eating the corn, have devoured the sacks also.

The Maritime Prefect, however, was unwilling to admit that rats alone could have done the mischief, and ordered an inquiry to be instituted.

The consequence has been that the head-miller has absconded, leaving a deficit in his accounts as well as in his stores.

The company has engaged to indemnify the Marine, and justice is now engaged in investigating the matter.

Deceptions.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTRUCTOR in a most laudable manner maintains its lead of popular scientific establishments. Dr. L. M. Foster has lately been delivering a lecture on the Physiology of Human Food, which was calculated to be not only interesting but useful. His statement of the elements composing our food was illustrated by valuable experiments; and his entire argument was of a nature to induce a reform in the ordinary manner of living and an arrangement more in harmony with the laws of life. Mr. Pinner's lecture on the Art of Balancing is still repeated; and also that on the Prevention of Railway Accidents, including the subject of Haworth's Patent Perambulator and New Street Railway.

Mr. Charles Mathews on his last night of performance at the HAYMARKET announced his intention of doing as his father had done before him—that is, of appearing "At Home," in a personal entertainment, assisted by Mrs. Mathews, whose vicinity would undoubtedly add to its interest. The walls, accordingly, have added to their "mural literature" the publication of this intention. The entertainment proposed will be given in the course of the month. People have on the frequently asked if Mr. Mathews meant to retire from the stage, and Mr. Mathews has been at the pains to write to the *Times* explaining that he had no such design, but merely intended for a brief period to try an entertainment as a relief from the monotony of acting. We have no doubt that his experiment will prove successful.

Mrs. German Reed has added a new song, "Mamma don't bring me out," to the entertainment of "Our Carriack," and "The John Bull Compose," with which, with Mr. Reed and Mr. John Parry, this lady continues to amuse the public at the ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

The Fechter controversy is assuming rather alarming dimensions in the columns of sundry journals, but daily and weekly. It is provoked especially by the publication of M. Fechter's version of "Othello," with the interminable stage directions of the actor. Actors appear afraid that they will have to learn their art anew, and we see no prospect here in that. It may give them trouble, but if it makes them better actors they will be amply repaid. Who would not go into the mill if he was sure to be ground young? But they are indignant that a foreigner should presume to teach the English performer. To such a narrow-minded objection it is not our cue to answer. M. Fechter's book, however, is open to much criticism, and contains some errors which serve to show that no foreigner can perfectly understand Shakespeare. Surely, in this fact there is sufficient matter of triumph—enough, at any rate, to right the balance of nationality. We would advise the English actor to get all the good he can out of M. Fechter's prompt-book, rejecting all that is bad or indifferent, without envy or jealousy, and caring nothing about his benefactor being a Frenchman. The desirable alliance between the two countries involves the certainty of an interchange of services and of courtesies in matters of art as well as of commerce.

Mr. Booth has appeared in "Richieu" at the HAYMARKET, and succeeded better than in his other characters. The fact is, that he has no force or sarcasm sufficient for Shylock, Sir Giles, or Glo'ster. He is better suited for more graceful parts, in which an elegant delivery with occasional bursts of passion is all that is required. Mr. Booth will be contented with being accepted as *agent actor*, without demanding to be considered a *great one*, he will, without doubt, find an honourable place on the British stage.

A new actor has been introduced to the boards of SOUTHERN WALLS, Conway, from the principal American theatres, who performed *Iago* on Saturday. A new farce by Mr. Robert Phelps was produced on the previous Monday, entitled "Who's my Husband?" The piece is taken from the French, and is exclusively acted by females. Miss Murray and Miss Ada Dyer represent Sir Harry Goring and Sir Geoffrey Morton, who are both candidates for the situation indicated in the title of the play to Lady Alice, who is gracefully impersonated by Miss Hildesburgh. Some little plotting goes on, which is amusing enough.

Mr. Boucicault has permitted the management of the CITY OF LONDON to perform "The Colleen Bawn" substantially, under the title of "The Drives of Garryowen," and to make use of the celebrated water-cave scenery in which Mr. Boucicault has an exclusive property. The result is, of course, highly beneficial to the house, which is crowded nightly. The original play at the ADRENTI will give place on Monday to the long-announced "Octoroon," from which great things are expected. Mr. Falconer, also, on Monday produces his new play, entitled "Poop of Day," at the Lyceum.

The tragedy of "Medea" was placed on Tuesday on the stage of DREYER LANE for the purpose of giving Miss Aronson Jones an appearance. As the version selected was not very strong, it was to be expected that the lady would not be able to make all the impression that might have been desired in the part. This measure and inadequate version, moreover, is on a reduced scale, not giving the great soliloquy at full length, so that, in fact, the actress's capabilities to compass the delivery of long and passionate pieces of declamation are not fairly put to the test. It will be useful to witness this lady's exertions in a part in which she will be more equitably tried before we finally pronounce upon her powers. Her physique is rather feeble, but that is more than compensated by the amount of intelligence she possesses. The general cast was inadequate.

At the ST. JAMES' Mr. Wigan has revived the drama of "The Isle of St. Tropez," in which the manager has achieved one of his greatest successes. Mr. Wigan is a quiet actor, who depends on his artistic insight into character, and the mode of representing it with a certain physiological propriety, rather than on a forcible enunciation of passion or sentiment. In the representation of the dying hours (it would be wrong to say "moments," for the incident in the play is prolonged to the utmost point of pain), and in the protracted death scenes, which are such as make the audience feel that weakness becomes utter prostration and lifelessness, suffered by the hero of the piece, who perishes by slow poison, Mr. Wigan appears to emulate the skill recently displayed by Mme. Ristori in the performance of the heroine of the *Macnema*, whose mortal agonies occupy an entire act. This mode of terminating a drama belongs wholly to the present day. The method adopted of old was to work the passion to a climax, and then arrive as suddenly as possible at the catastrophe. Startling effects are produced by such means, and they do not find in perfection in the Italian tragedy of Alfieri. But the new system admits of psychological analysis in the delineation of protracted suffering, which the theatrical artist of the modern school is ambitious of on an opportunity to exhibit.

Sporting News.

WORCESTER RACES.—Tuesday.

Nursery Plate.—Mayflower, 1. Bloodhound, 2. Visitors' Plate.—Momo, 1. Lord of the Manor, 2. Selling Stakes.—1. Entomologist, 2. Worcester Autumn Handicap.—Sleighters, 1. No. 1, 2. Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs.—Queen of Spain, 1. Ripon, 2. Severn Bank Stakes.—Madora, 1. Black Rose, 2. Wednesday.
Handicap Plate.—Bookaloon, 1. Cronstadt, 2. Autumn Flying Stakes.—Dead heat between Lord of the Manor and Juliet—stakes divided. Starts Selling Stakes.—Grant, 1. Shillelagh, 2. Hurdle Race.—Bettlesly, 1. Mavourneen, 2. Worcestershire Grand Annual Steeplechase.—Bantam, 1. Pine Apple, 2. Free Handicap Steeplechase.—Heads or Tails, 1. Premier, 2.

NOVEL RACE.—On Wednesday week a race came off on the London road between a publican and a cattle-dealer in the neighbourhood of Wolverton, the distance being fifty yards out and fifty yards in. As the dealer was to ride his horse and the landlady was to run, it caused considerable excitement. At the word, "off" being given, both started away at a rattling pace, but it was evident when they came to turn that the horse could not get round as soon as the landlady, which, proving in nine-hast's favour, made him the winner by about two yards.

SHOOTING MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Mr. Moffatt, of Manchester, having accepted a bet of £100 to £50 that his pony Betty and his mare Silverball combined could not trot in harness thirty-three miles in two hours, the match came off on Wednesday week on the turnpike-road between Knutsford and Warrington, Mr. Moffatt driving. Silverball completed the first 11 miles in 15 min. 10 sec. The pony was then driven off, and completed the next 15 miles in 53 min. Silverball had thus seven miles to trot to win the race, and over 32 min. to do it in, but she completed it in 34 min. (The distance was gone over in 1 h. and 52 m.) The betting after the first course was 60 to 40 on the horses, and after the second course 100 to 1 on them.

PROTESTANTISM.—A one-mile handicap was run at Sheffield on Monday, in which Deerfoot, the Indian runner, was defeated. The protestants entered were G. Mover, scratch; B. Mills, of London, 25 yards' start; Liveredge, of Wath, 25; P. Stapleton, of Staleybridge, 25; Deerfoot (the Indian), 40; Job Smith, of Hulme, 45; J. Brighton, of Norwich, 55; F. W. Colmes, of London, 65; A. Day, of Brighton, 70; W. Jones, of Islington, 70; W. Richards, of London, 80; J. E. McDonald, of Cambridge, 80; T. Feltow, of Hollingwood, 90; Jen Mace (the champion of the P.R.), 93. It will be seen that the number who had entered to contend were fourteen, and embraced the most noted minermisers. Deerfoot was the man most backed, though one mile was said to be too short a distance for him. When the critical moment for the start had arrived, the competitors proceeded to take up their positions. First, last—Mover, according to his handicap, went from the scratch; Deerfoot, 40 yards; Richards, 80; Day, 70; Macdonald, 80. On the signal being given they bounded off in splendid style, the running being made by the leading men at a tremendous pace. When the first lap had been completed Day had increased his advantage, and his friends offered to back him at tempting odds. Gallantly did Deerfoot contend in this struggle, but he was not destined to obtain a victory. Day and the interest of the race completely centred between himself and the Indian) kept to the front, and in the last lap had the race so well in hand that Deerfoot, finding he had no chance, pulled up 100 yards from the finish, and Day went in an easy winner. Run in 4 min. 30 sec. As the red skin left the ground he was loudly cheered. According to the conditions of the handicap, A day 70 yards' start; Brighton, of Norwich, 55; and W. Jones, of London, 80—who had been the successful competitors in the preliminary heats on

Monday—had on Tuesday to contend for final superiority, when, after a well-contested race, Day proved the winner. The respective prices were 430 for the winner, 86 for the second, and 43 for the third best performer.

THE MAJESTY'S STRAUCHOUS.—The forest hunt with the Royal hounds finished with one excellent sport on Friday week in the neighbourhood of Sunninghill; but on the previous Tuesday a first-rate run of two hours and three-quarters took place from King's Beech-hill, the pace being very sharp all through, taking the direction of Ascot to Nover-hill, and Gravel-hill to Caesar's Camp; through Eastlinstead Park to Bracknell, Binfield; and through Billingbear Park to Haines-hill and Twyford, over Ruscombe Lake to Harehatch and K. Mell-green, where the hind "Victory," was taken.

A GALA BALL AT THE OPERA HOUSE, BERLIN.

A gala ball at the Opera is really a State ball, the invitations emanating from the Hof Marshall. The scene on entering the theatre is one of the most magnificent that can be witnessed. We have never had in England anything to compare to the interior of this house. The extreme richness of decoration, finely-painted ceiling, beauty of form, and noble size, make our theatres mean by comparison. On these occasions the stage is a pit level, and forms one grand apartment, the former being beautifully decorated, and having an orchestra at the back, another containing a military band being placed in the centre of the upper tier of boxes. The private boxes are entirely confined to the proscenium, which is very deep, the rest of the circles being open and not disguised with supporting columns, except the centre portion, which is the grand entrance to the salle de danse. Hereon dome like canopy of gold-embroidered velvet, surmounted by the Royal crown and eagle, reaching to the second tier, covers a beautiful conservatory filled with rarest flowers and glittering fountains, and a noble flight of steps lead into the pit. A glittering crowd fills the boxes and promenade—a crowd of beauty and jewels, gay uniforms, and sparkling orders; but the rustling of dresses and the hum of voices sink into silence on the arrival of the Royal family and the Court party, who, headed by the Intendant, advance into the ballroom by the entrance already described. At a signal the orchestra plays a "stately measure," and the King, taking the Queen's hand, leads off the "Polonaise," followed by the Crown Prince and Princess, the other Royal Princes and Princesses and entire Court party following in pairs, threading their way through the admiring crowd, until, having passed round the ballroom, they retire to their boxes and the ball commences in earnest. This stately dance or march is generally repeated in the course of the evening, and the King, with the Royal Princes, mixes freely with the company, with many of whom they enter into conversation, but take no part in any of the other dances. Altogether, a State ball at the opera is something to see and remember.

Gossip.

Encke's comet is approaching the earth. It was first seen by Dr. Forster, of the Royal Observatory, Berlin, on the 28th of September, but its identity was not established until the 4th ult.

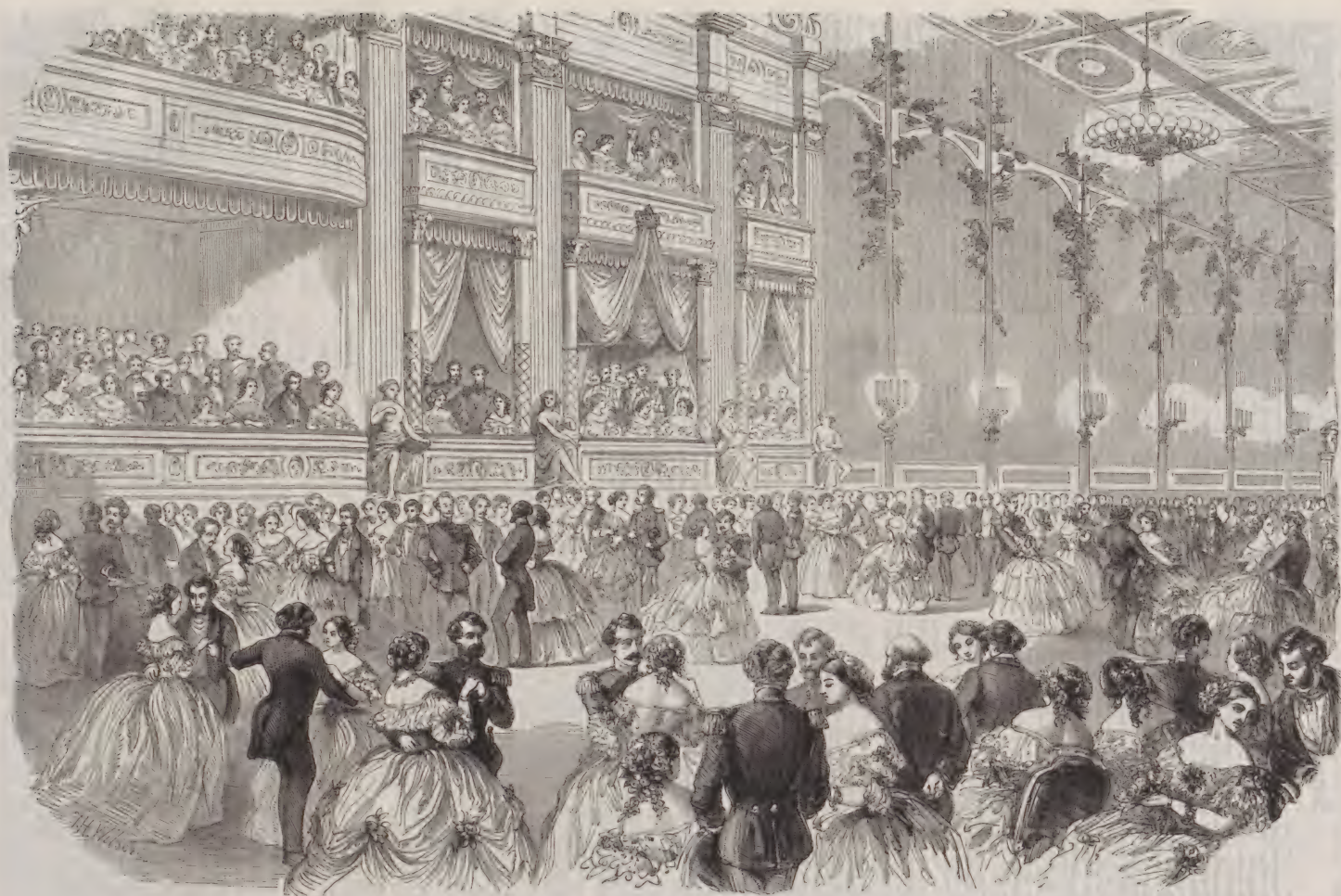
In a French almanac for next year appears the following prophecy: Alexander Dumas will visit the interior of Mount Vesuvius, in order to give something new to the world.

Miss Young, it is said, has given £2000, the profits of her "Daisy Chain," for the building of a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand; and has devoted a great portion of the proceeds of "The Hair of Medley" to fitting out the missionary schooner Southern Cross for the use of Bishop Selwyn.

A barrister who applied for his ticket of admission at the Middle Temple last week said to the Treasurer that he believed he was the oldest member of the inn, having been called fifty-one years ago. "I assure you, Sir," said the Treasurer, "you are a long way off, there being as many as thirty before you." The gentleman who was thus made so very much a junior is seventy-seven years of age.

"M.P." tells the following story in the *Globe*— "During the anti-car law agitation I met an Essex squire, a little out of the most impenetrable Protectionists. To my great surprise he informed me that he had become a 'free-trader in corn.' I inquired how he had been converted. He replied, 'By an article in *Blackwood's*. I was not aware that *Blackwood* ever supported the cause of free trade. But, happening about that time to meet Mr. Cobden, I asked him for the anti-car law, was getting on. 'Oh,' said Mr. Cobden, 'we have hit on a capital plan. We got the *Times* magazines, such as *Blackwood's*, to insert (for a due consideration) free-trade articles as advertisements at the end of their numbers.'"

CURE FOR "KLEPTOMANIA."—The two young ladies who were recently committed for trial on a charge of stealing books in the Strand and elsewhere were tried at the Middlesex Sessions on Wednesday and sentenced to nine months' hard labour. They pleaded guilty on this occasion; but when they were examined at Bow-street their counsel defended them, it will be remembered, on the plea that when the thefts were committed they were suffering from a disease called kleptomania. Their names were not allowed to transpire.



STATE BALL AT THE OPERA HOUSE, BERLIN



THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA SHOWING HIS INFANT TO THE CROWD.



THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER: BURNING THE GUY.

BURNING THE GUY.

Oh! yes, we remember
Those Fifths of November—
Best of our holidays,
First of our jolly days—
Times always glorious,
Festive—approaching;
Welcome to urthins all;
Dear to both great and small;
Never in aftertime,
Found much fun in rhyme—
As, the full streets among,
Bearing our Guy along,
We sang the old duty
All day thro' the city
"Holla to cannon!"
The Fifth of November!"
And gathered the coppers
From passers or sleepers,
Or pleased window-peepers—
Important rascals
Of urthins to buy
A warm exit for "Guy."

Ah, well we remember
Those Fifths of November,
The laughing, the frolicking,
The shouting and volubling,
When the powder was got,
And the squibs and what not.

And the night had begun
For unlit bonfire fun;
When the bonfire was lighted,
The fuses ignited,
And Guy like a robin,
With footstep and bell on,
Was hung from a tree
Ignominiously,
And dangled his bony legs,
Shapless as brandy kegs,
Over the crackling flame,
We leaping up the raine,
Shouting, the whole of us,
That, for the soul of us
"We know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should sin penny."
And deprives of Guy,
And afford no more pastime
As good as the last time.

"Twas foolish such glee,
But right happy were we,
And, fool that we were,
Such delight was a prize
Far richer and rarer,
And every way fatter,
Than many a brighter
Since known to the writer,
H. J.

GUY FAWKES'S LANTERN.

Below is a faithful representation of the rusty and shattered remains of the Lantern which the notorious Guy Fawkes had when taken prisoner, Nov. 5, 1605; this interesting memorial being now preserved in a glass case in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

The Lantern is of iron, and is a dark one, as is stated in the histories of England; the movement for inclosing the light being precisely the same as in those in use at the present day.

As may be seen from the representation, it is extremely dilapidated, the top being broken off, and the bottom lost entirely; the top, however, squeezed up and broken, is preserved with it in the case, as is also the socket for the candle. The horn or glass which once filled the door is quite gone. On a brass plate affixed to one side of the lantern the following Latin inscription is engraved, in script hand:—

Laterna illa ipso quo ussus
est ad eum qui deprehensus
Guido Fawkes in Crypta
subterranea ubi domo Far-
lamenti distanda operam
dabant.

Ex dono Rob. Heywood,
nuper
Academici procuratoris,
Apr 4, 1641.

And the following is written on a piece of paper and deposited in the Lantern, along with two or three prints and papers relating to the Powder Plot Conspiracy. The very Lantern that was taken from Guy Fawkes when he was about to blow up the Parliament House. It was given to the University in 1641, according to the inscription on it, by Robert Heywood, Proctor of the University. Although the Lantern had been so long in the possession of the University it is only within the last few years that any, the least, care has been taken of it, and thus its broken condition is easily accounted for; and it is, perhaps, even more singular that, although so many histories of England have been published and so much written in them about Guy Fawkes, none of them have given a drawing of this Lantern.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA SHOWING HIS INFANT TO THE CROWD.

AMONG the interest we feel for the Royal family of Prussia on its own account, as Protestant, and as occupying a peculiarly important political position in all that concerns the future of Germany, is our sympathy for the daughter of our Queen, and our desire to participate in all public matters that affect her happiness. The incident, therefore, of the coronation that forms the subject of our Engraving has for us a double attraction—it is at once politically important and domestically interesting.

As each portion of the Royal procession passed under the palace windows and reached the farthest portal, it turned, marched through the gateway, and disappeared into the vast quadrangle within. After the King and Queen, their attendants, and their military following had thus vanished, a preconcerted pause took place before the procession of the handworkers came up.

It was during this pause that the Royal family were to present themselves at the balcony of the palace—a ceremony looked to with immense interest by the Berlin people who were fortunate enough to get within range of the spot. When the King appeared in the balcony, with his helmet off, and bowed to the people, a general cheer, such as even an English crowd might raise, welcomed him. When the Queen and the Crown Princess, with uncovered heads, and dressed in white,

presented themselves, they received an equally cordial greeting. But what a cheer, made shrill by how many hundreds of familiar voices, was that, which rang we have no doubt up to the Brandenburg Gate, when the Crown Prince came to the window bearing his infant in his arms—a thriving young princeling somewhere about two years old, whose fine ruddy appearance and truly princely nonchalance threw the thousands of people who gazed up at him from below into perfect paroxysms of delight. The Prince (rather an awkward nurse perhaps, but doing his best to be dexterous) stood for some minutes holding up and dancing the baby, who crowed and smiled at the sight and sounds. Again and again cheers were raised, until at last the Prince made his final bow and bore off his little charge. We must say that this final coup carried away all the honours of the day, and that the Royal baby was the most popular of all the illustrious personages who appeared upon the palace balcony.

The Family Column.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.



BONNETS still continue to be worn open at the sides, and projecting in the centre of the forehead. They are trimmed with velvet of various colours, tastefully intermingled with white and black blonde and flowers. The latter should harmonise with the hues employed in the bonnet, and are generally without foliage. A Paris milliner seldom allows a leaf to be seen in the trimming of a bonnet. Feathers are extremely fashionable, but they require to be sparingly and artistically disposed. Many bonnets of black chip are worn this season. They are trimmed with velvet and lace. For young ladies, especially at the seaside, hats of black



straw are much in favour. Some of these hats have been trimmed in a novel style—with several rows of white piping, and in front a bouquet of white daisies or chrysanthemums.

Among the newest cloaks of the season we may describe two, both made of very rich black velvet. One has long full sleeves, and a double pelerine richly edged with soulache; the upper pelerine has long ends descending at each side in the manner of reverses. The other cloak has a berthe of guipure, falling very low

both at the back and in front. The trimming consists of rich passementerie.

A favourite style of trimming for silk dresses consists of narrow flounces formed of silk of two different colours, or of two shades of the same colour, and ranged alternately. Flat bands of velvet are also much in favour. One broad row is placed quite at the edge of the skirt, and another, somewhat narrower, at a little distance apart. A sort of trimming consisting of cut-out velvet, or, as it may be called, velvet guipure, has recently been introduced, and is extremely effective for ornamenting silk dresses; but it is suitable only for silks of a very rich quality.

The skirts of dresses are made quite as long and full as ever, and rarely without some trimming. A very simple, and at the same time elegant, way of trimming a dress for night is with five, seven, or nine rows of thick braid placed above the hem, the top row forming a Hungarian knot at each side. This trimming is very pretty on thick materials; it is also worn on richer materials, in which case the braid is superadded by graduated velvet. Narrow flounces and plisses are still much worn, as well as plain bands of well-contrasting colours, either in silk or plush. The most elegant way of putting on gauffered flounces is in scallops, not more than three in number.

Gimp, as well as braiding, will be very much used this winter in the trimming of dresses; it is found very useful in freshening them up, and they only require some alteration in appearance to make them as useful as new ones. It will also be much used on the winter cloaks.

For negligé dress, plain high bodies with a band are mostly worn; whilst for family, dinner, or home dress, they are made open to the waist, a Raphaél—that is to say, square in front, or fastened at the throat and waist, with an elegant frill of lace down the front and round the throat. This last style is very pretty and becoming.

The veste Zouave it still worn, without any variation in the shape when it is for the morning dress; but when it is for a colder more habilité, it is made very open in front; and the back, instead of being made loose, has three seams, bringing it close to the waist, and forming a small basquine. Velvet, cloth, and the drap-velours, are chiefly employed, and are much preferred to silk or moiré.

To be quite elegant, the Zouave should be trimmed with silk braid, small beads, and embroidery in chain-stitch; but they are sometimes preferred with a band of plush, figured velvet, quilted satin, grey or black Astrakan, or black guipure over white satin—this last trimming can only be put on velvet. They must be lined with silk or satin, except when the dress is trimmed with plush, in which case the Zouave should be lined with plush. These vestes require an elegant embroidered cancan, either plaited or with a frill down the front.

The Garibaldi shirts are enjoying a degree of favour just now, but will not be at all likely to supersede the Zouave, as they are far from stylish, even on a small figure, and a large figure have a very inelegant appearance. We have no doubt that they are comfortable, and, for children, very useful; but we think it a pity when comfort and elegance cannot be combined in the same article of dress. The chemises Russes are an improvement on the Garibaldi, and worn with the centre Swissese, are not unbecoming to a small figure, and look exceedingly pretty with a small cloth Zouave over them. For little children they are charming when worn with a striped poplin, black and white trimmed as the bottom of the skirt with a band of flannel the same colour as the skirt, edged with the point Anglaise in black and white, the sash and collar being worked to match.

SEKRETON LEAVES.—A good method of obtaining these beautiful dissected leaves is frequently asked. The following is a process which has been recommended from experience. Steep the leaves, seed vessels, or other parts of the plant, which are required to be dissected, in rain water; leave them exposed to its influence until the whole of the soft or pulpy matters are decomposed. The period required for this operation varies much in different leaves, &c., according to their texture; thus, some require but a few weeks, others as many months. When the pulpy parts are completely decomposed, the next operation consists in their removal from the fibro-vascular network with which they were originally connected. This requires much care and patience. There are two ways of accomplishing it: one which consists in carefully exposing them to a stream of fresh water, using at the same time a brush; and the other by simply placing them in fresh water, and removing with care the decomposed portion, in like manner, with a brush. Some difficulty will be found at first in doing this without, at the same time, breaking the fibro-vascular network; but a little practice will soon render it easy of accomplishment. The adoption successively of simply fresh water, and a stream of the same, applied by means of a syringe, will be frequently found desirable. The pulpy portions having been removed, and the fibro-vascular network obtained, the latter must then be bleached. For this purpose prepare a weak solution of chloride of lime, by adding about an ounce of a strong solution of that substance to a quart of distilled water; then soak the skeletons in this solution for some hours; generally three or four will suffice, but when they are very thick a longer period will be necessary. After this operation has been performed wash the skeletons thoroughly in pure water, and, lastly, dry them by freely exposing them to light and air.

The Volunteers.

Accidents, Inquests, Etc.

TRIAL OF RIFLES AT HYTHE.—The council of the National Rifle Association request that all gunmakers intending to compete at the trial of small-bore rifles, already announced to take place at Hythe early in February, will send their names to the secretary of the Association, 11, Pall-mall East, on or before the 1st of January next.

VOLUNTEERS AT THE HYTHE SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY.—The sixty-five volunteers who have been pursuing their course at Hythe for the present term completed it on Friday week. Of their number twenty-nine have become first-class shots and fifteen marksmen. The best shot in the first class is Sergeant Peter, 31st Lancashire, who made 16 points in the second class; Captain Wilson, 8th Shropshire, who made 23 points in the third class; and Major Vivian, 7th Glamorganshire, who made 28 points.

A RIFLE MATCH at three ranges came off yesterday week at Wormwood Scrubs between the West Middlesex Corps and the Inns of Court. Both parties exhibited great skill and after a spirited contest, West Middlesex won by 20 points.

30TH AGAINST 40TH MIDDLESEX.—The contest between eighteen men of the 30th Middlesex (Finsbury) and eighteen of the 40th Middlesex (Central London) was decided on Friday week at Plumstead Marshes, and resulted in favour of the 30th by 8 points. The firing on both sides was very creditable.

THE SCARBOROUGH VOLUNTEERS had a contest last Saturday for a prize in money, or a cup of equivalent value, given by Lord Londesborough. The weather was cold. Ten shots at 400 yards were fired, Colonel Sergeant Beckett winning with a score of 9 points.

THE BOSTON CORPS had on Thursday week a match of a novel character. Their Captain, Mr. W. Garfit, offered a valuable silver tankard, weighing twenty-six ounces, to be competed for by any member of the corps who would join in a fourteen-mile march. Thirty-three appeared to start, fully armed and accoutred, each carrying forty rounds of ball cartridge. They proceeded by train to Louth, and in about five minutes after their arrival commenced the march. Their destination was the Well Vale Rifle-ground at Alford, where they arrived in four hours and two minutes. Four miles of the march was performed at the "double," the road being very hilly the whole of the distance. Towards the close of the march the men were ordered to take their way over three or four turn-pikes, and everything was done to test their energy, but every one persevered to the end. After a little time for refreshments, the competition began, each man firing ten cartridges, distributed over four ranges of 200, 350, 400, and 600 yards. The tankard was won by Ensign Gee (who also holds the challenge medal of the corps), scoring 111 points, a second prize of three guineas, given by the Ensign, was won by Private Sills.

REVIEW AT KIMBOLTON.—On Wednesday week the 1st or Duke of Manchester's Light Horse Volunteers were reviewed at Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, by Lieutenant-Colonel Lubbock, inspector of the district. The regiment mustered in three squadrons to the number of 120, and was under the immediate command of Major the Duke of Manchester. At the conclusion of the manoeuvres executed, Lieutenant-Colonel Lubbock congratulated the corps on the progress they had made. The Duke of Manchester also addressed the regiment, begging the members to be more regular in their attendance at drill, and expressing his intention to take advantage of the regulations enabling corps of volunteers to proceed to some of the military stations in England for short periods.

EARL DUCIE A GOOD SHOT.—A match between Earl Ducie (Lord Lieutenant of Gloucester) and some of the best shots of the Bristol volunteers came off on Tuesday week. The ranges were 300, 500, and 600 yards—ten shots each. The Lord Lieutenant won, having made 48 points, being three more than the next best shot, Sergeant Gibbs, who won the Derby rifle at the last Wimbledon meeting.

40TH MIDDLESEX.—The third company of the Central London Rifle Rangers (40th Middlesex) contested on Friday week at Wimbledon. Three rifles were given as prizes.

MICHAELMAS TERM COMMENCED on Saturday, and in consequence, the various law courts were opened. Lord Chancellor Westbury entertained the Judges, Queen's Counsel, and Sergeants-at-Law at breakfast. There was a large attendance. Lord Brougham was among the guests.

THE FIRST SNOW OF THE SEASON.—Last Saturday morning, between seven and eight, snow fell in London and in places at a great distance. The flakes were very large and the snow continued to fall for half an hour, but it soon disappeared from off the ground, although it remained on the houses for several hours.

MRS. GRIST'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES at Birmingham have been greatly successful, the theatre being well crowded nightly in every part, the pit being turned into stalls.

Mrs. P., at Pinner, on Sunday week, aged ninety-one, formerly wife of the late Henry James Pye, Esq., formerly peer laureate and M.P. for Berks, whose she survived forty-eight years. The widow of the late laureate has three to have died only yesterday! Son-in-law, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, have held the office in turn since Pye died, in 1818.

DREADFUL EXPLOSION IN A COALMINE.—One of those fearful accidents which render life in the mines so precarious took place on Friday week in a colliery in the neighbourhood of Wigan. An explosion of fire-damp occurred nearer to the pit shaft than the part at which the men were working, and they, startled by the explosion, were making the best of their way to the shaft when they were met by a fatal after or clove damp, which usually follows, and ten of them were suffocated by the fumes, while five more were recovered in so exhausted a state that they are not expected to live. The wall of grief and sorrow that went up from the surviving relations as one dead body after another was brought to the surface is described as heartrending. The wife of one of the men fell dead on hearing of the accident.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT PIMLICO.—An accident, attended with fatal consequences to a plasterer named Charles Tophat, occurred on the 2nd week at the Windsor Castle Tavern, Vauxhall-bridge road. The deceased was engaged with others in plastering the upper part of the premises, and while so occupied a portion of the parapet gave way, striking the deceased in his descent, at the same time tearing the scaffolding away from its fixings, and precipitating the whole of the workmen to the ground. The deceased was conveyed to Westminster Hospital, but expired before admission.

A WOMAN AND HER BABY FOUND DROWNED.—At Ashton, near Preston, the body of a child was discovered in a pond by two boys, and, after information was conveyed to the police, the pond was searched, and the body of a young woman was also seen in the water. From subsequent inquiry it appears that the young woman is the mother of the child, and it is supposed that she committed suicide about the death of her own child.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN A COALMINE.—At a coroner's inquest, held at Aspull yesterday week on the bodies of two young men, it was stated that they, with another collier, were descending Morris Lane Pit, when the rope attached to the cage began to slacken and coil. The men, considering their position dangerous, determined to slide down by the rods to the bottom of the pit; only one successfully made the descent; the others fell and were fearfully smashed by the fall. Verdict, "Accidental death."

THE ACCIDENT AT THE FRENCH COALMINE AT LALLE.—Accounts received from the inundated mine at Lalle state that the level of the water has been lowered to fifty metres. Thirteen more bodies have been got out, making the total number of thirty-five. They were in such an advanced state of decomposition that they could not be recognised unless by the clothes. Immediately on being taken out they were placed in coffins tarred both inside and out, in order to prevent any ill-effects from the smell.

DREADFUL ATTEMPT AT MURDER IN FRANCE.—A man named Piat, about forty-five years of age, rather more than a year ago married a young girl of fifteen. The union was not very happy, if we may judge by the event, but still there had been no open quarrels between them. On the night of the crime, between twelve and one o'clock, the husband was awakened by a burning sensation in his right ear, and on moving he felt a scalding fluid running down his cheek. It was melted lead which his wife had poured into his ear. The man jumped from the bed and seized an axe, with which he struck his wife, inflicting serious wounds. She implored mercy, and shrieked for help, but the house being some distance from any other dwelling, her cries were not heard. At last she sank from exhaustion, and remained in that state till morning, when the husband went to a doctor to get his ear dressed, and also requested him to come and see his wife. The woman was found to have three wounds on the right side of the neck, too serious to admit of her removal. She confessed her guilt, and said that she had hoped by the means she employed to get rid of her husband without leaving any traces of her crime.

A CHILD POISONED IN A PHOTOGRAPH VAN.—On Friday week an inquest was held by Mr. C. C. Lewis at Stratford on the body of a little boy. It appeared that the deceased accompanied some other persons into a photograph van in Bridge-road, Stratford, and as they were having their portraits taken he suddenly became alarmingly ill, and by the time Mr. Kennedy, the surgeon, arrived, had expired from the effects of a quantity of iodine of potassium, which it is supposed he swallowed out of a phial which was in a cupboard. The jury found an open verdict that the child died from the effects of the poison, but how administered there was no evidence to show.

DEATH FROM EXCESSIVE DRINKING.—An inquest was held on Saturday last at the London Hospital on the body of Cornelius Donovan, aged thirty-nine years. The deceased had been at work on board the ship London at Down's Wharf, when he by some means got possession of and drank a quantity of rum. He became insensible, and was subsequently removed to the hospital, where he died on Friday week. The deceased had told his mate that he had taken six glasses of the raw spirit. The stomach-pump was used at the hospital, and a large quantity of the rum was ejected from his stomach; but the deceased gradually sank, and died from congestion of the brain, through the excessive quantity of the spirit he had swallowed. The jury returned a verdict—"Died from excessive drinking of rum."

BURNING OF THE BRISTOL SHIP, FOREST QUEEN AT BARACA, CUBA.—In a letter received from one of the crew of the Forest Queen the following particulars are given of the wreck—"We ran on shore on a reef of rocks, and the ship caught fire and was burnt to the water. Eight of us got into a boat, which upset, and only two of us were saved. The six who were drowned were close to me, and were crying in the agony of death for some one to save them; but I could not help them. Altogether there are nine of us saved, including the captain's wife. We are in the care of the Consul."

DEATHS FROM WANT AND EXPOSURE.—On Saturday last a man about forty was found dead in an out-building near the Mint, Southwark; and another, about forty, in the New-road, Marylebone, both having perished from want and exposure to the inclemency of the weather. The bodies were taken to the district workhouses.

CHILD-MURDER AND SUICIDE BY A MOTHER.—Yesterday week a married woman named Greenwood, living near Mytholmroyd, cut the throat of her little daughter, about five years old, after which she cut her own throat. There is little hope entertained of her recovery.

SUICIDE OF COMTE DE GUYON.—The *Temps* announces the suicide of the Comte de Guyon, of the Rue de la Michodière, Paris, where he shot himself through the head in the bedroom of one of his friends. The Comte de Guyon, who was born in 1812, at Tatz, in Hungary, was the son of the celebrated General of that name. Brought up a soldier, he entered as a volunteer in a Piedmontese regiment of infantry, and made the campaign of Italy in 1859. He shortly after entered the army of Garibaldi as First Lieutenant of Dragoon, and was transferred at Messina to the Staff department. He was subsequently appointed orderly officer to General Sirtori, with whom he entered Naples on the 8th of September, and concluded his campaign by the capture of Capua. He was, according to the *Temps*, preparing to leave for Hungary, to assist at the inspection, which he was led to believe was imminent, when he heard some unfavourable news, which caused him to commit suicide.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A MAN WHO SAVED THE QUEEN'S LIFE.—Last Saturday Mr. Bedford, the Westminster Coroner, held an inquest at St. George's Workhouse on view of the body of John Turner, aged fifty-four, an inmate of the above workhouse, who about three weeks since accidentally fell down some steps and sustained injuries which caused his death on Tuesday week. The evidence elicited from the son of the deceased, excited considerable interest. James Turner, the witness alluded to, deposed that his father was formerly a licensed victualler and landlord of the Fox at Highgate-hill. He was the man who, in 1837, saved her Majesty's life under the following circumstances—"On the 6th of July of that year the four horses of the Queen's carriage, containing her Majesty and the Prince of Leiningen, took fright on the top of Highgate-hill and dashed down the steep. His father, at the risk of his life, got the wheel horses by the head just in time to enable her Majesty to jump out. On the following day deceased attended Buckingham Palace in answer to a summons from Sir H. Wheatley, who gave him £10, and requested him to put up the Royal arms to commemorate the circumstance, which he did at a cost of £20. Witness said he was also informed that her Majesty would always be his friend. He had since made constant applications to the Prince Consort, but had had no further recognition of his services. This so preyed upon his mind that at last he became an imbecile and an inmate of that workhouse. The Coroner was of opinion that her Majesty could not be aware of this; and the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

DEATH FROM LOCKJAW.—On Monday an inquest took place at St. Thomas's Hospital on the body of Frederick Thomas Nicolls, aged twenty-nine years. The deceased was staying at the house of his sister-in-law, and complained of an injury to his thumb. He said that he was driving a nail into a beam on board a vessel when he struck his hand. It became worse, and he was received into the hospital. There was no laceration, but a small bruised wound under the nail of the thumb. In this part of the hand there are, it appears, several minute nerves, the slightest injury to which will produce lockjaw. Every care was bestowed on the deceased, but he gradually sunk and expired on Sunday morning.

DISASTROUS SCENE IN HYDE PARK.—On the morning of Thursday week a scene of great uproar and lamentation occurred on the banks of the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, amongst a considerable number of Irish people, who had congregated for the purpose of searching for the body of a young country woman, who had committed self-destruction. It appears from the statement of friends of the deceased—whose name is Ellen Crawley, aged twenty-three years, and who lived at 2, Prince of Wales-yard, Exeter-street, Chelsea—that the funeral of the husband's mother took place on Tuesday week. During the usual "wake," which followed there was plenty of liquor drunk, the deceased and her husband having their share. On their arrival home there appears to have been some disagreement between them, for the deceased left the house. The husband at last being alarmed at his wife's prolonged absence, instituted a search along the banks of the Serpentine, followed by a number of his countrymen and women, and on arriving at the south-eastern end, they discovered a dark object in the water, which turned out to be the body of the deceased. Upon her person was found £12 in gold, very carefully sewed up in a blue flannel petticoat.

PROVIDENT CLERKS' MUTUAL LIFE
ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.
Established 1849.
Mutual Life Assurance for all Classes.
The whole of the Profits divided among the members. Three dividends
have already taken place, and a fourth Bonus will be declared at the
31st of December, 1882.

Annual Income	£44,000.
Accumulated Fund	160,000.

Attention is especially invited to the system of "Paid-up Policies"
of an assurance, by which all loss is avoided on the discontinuance
of the policy.

WM. THOS. LINSFORD, Secretary.
13, Moorgate-street, Nov. 1. 1881.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND
DISEASES OF THE CHEST, Brompton, S.W.—One-eighth of
the entire mortality of the country ensues from Diseases of the Chest.
This fact accounts for the vast number of sick persons seeking the
benefits of this special charity, particularly in the winter months, when
cold, want, and miserable homes aggravate their sufferings. To turn
them away would be cruel; to keep all the wards open money is
required.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Secy.

URGENT APPEAL.—THE INFIRMARY FOR
CONSUMPTION, 26, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, is in want of immediate assistance. The sum of 1500 is required to meet the existing liabilities of this great work of charity. Donations gratefully received by the Rev. E. R. Barclay, Winc. Chairman, No. 10, Chaudos-street, Cavendish-square; the Rev. Wm. Cadman, No. 6 Albany-terrace, Regent's Park; F. Kirkham Fowell, Esq., Treasurer, 4, Alford-place, Regent's Park; Sir E. Scott and Co., Bankers, Cavendish-square.

CANCER HOSPITAL, London and Brompton.
 Treasurer—William Loxham Farrer, Esq., 66, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
 Bankers—Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand.

Principal Surgeon—W. Marsden, Esq., M.D., 45, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Surgeons—T. Wenden Cooke, Esq. 76, Upper Beakley-street; Alexander

By the benevolence of the public the Committee of this Hospital have been enabled to erect a very commodious building for the reception of sixty of the most afflicted of the afflicted—the poor suffering from Cancer, and they earnestly APPEAL to the sympathies of the affluent now resident in the country to AID them at this dull season of the year to at once open their new building, and thus extend the usefulness of the Institution.

The dietary and remedies are of an expensive nature, and, in addition to the in-door patients in the present Hospital, the surgeons have constantly upwards of four hundred out-door patients under treatment.

Subscriptions will be very thankfully received by the Treasurer, the Bankers to the Hospital, and by the London and country Bankers generally, and at the Secretary's office, 167, Piccadilly.

N.B.—All poor persons suffering from cancer are admitted as patients upon their own application at 167, Piccadilly on Tuesdays or Fridays, and two o'clock, free of any expense. As an in-door patient a preference is

usually given to the recommendation of a Life Governor.

LONDON HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL.
Great Ormond-street, W.C.
The Lord BURY—Chairman.
ADDITIONAL FUNDS are still urgently REQUIRED for this the

THE ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, EARLSWOOD,
Redhill, Surrey, under the immediate Patronage of her Most

Gracious Majesty the Queen.

The Autumnal Election of this Charity will occur on Thursday, Oct. 31, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, for the purpose of Electing 20 Applicants—viz., 5 for life and 15 for the ordinary period of five years.

Contributions towards this national Charity are earnestly requested.

There are, at the present time, more than 320 inmates; and, although the number of applicants varies from 150 to 180 at each half-yearly

"A Second Visit to Earlswood," by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M., and other pamphlets illustrating the workings of the Charity, may be had gratuitously, on application to the Secretary, Mr. William Nicholas, to whom all orders should be made payable.

Annual subscription, 10s. 6d. of 1888; Life 250s. of 1888.
The Elections occur regularly in April and October.
JOHN CONOLLY, M.D., D.C.L., { Gratuities
ANDREW REED, D.D., { Secretaries.
Office, 20, Poultry, E.C.

By affording Home, Clothing, Maintenance, and Education to Orphan and other Neglected Children of Parents once in prosperity, by voluntary contributions, *Brickton-hill, Surrey, and Aldersgate.*
Patrons—Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family.
New candidates may now be nominated for the next half-yearly

Donations gratefully received by Messrs. Spooner, 27, Gracechurch street; or by E. F. LEEK, Secretary.

Office, 2, Wainwright.
 Executors of benefactors by will have the privilege of Life Governor
 for every £50 bequeathed.

LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM, CLAPTON.
 Instituted 1813, for the Maintenance and Education of Fatherless

Children, of either sex, and wherever resident. The next Election occurs on Jan. 27, 1862.

Candidates should be nominated forthwith.

Children are eligible between the ages of 7 and 11.

Forms of petition may be had at the office.

75 Orphans have been admitted this year.

421 Children are now in the Asylum.

2874 Orphans have been already assisted.
Contributions in aid of the current expenditure are earnestly solicited, as the Charity mainly depends on voluntary support. Annual subscription for one vote, 10s. 6d.; for two votes, £1 is.; life subscription for one vote, £5 3s.; for two votes, £10 10s.
T. CORNTHWAITE, M.A., } Hon. Sec.
T. BARNES, M.A. }

Office, 1, St. Helen's-place, E.C. C. J. DYER, M.A. JAMES ROGERS, Secretary.

CLERGY ORPHAN CORPORATION.—Boys' School, St. Thomas's-hill, Canterbury. Girls' School, St. John's-wood, Marylebone. The next Election will take place in November.

Candidates should be nominated immediately.
Children are eligible between the ages of eight and twelve.
Forms of application may be had at the office.
Eight boys and eight girls will be elected.
The votes polled by unsuccessful candidates are allowed to accumulate.
One hundred and forty children are now in the schools.
Contributions are earnestly solicited to enable the committee to extend their efforts.

their operations, annual subscription for one vote, £1 1s.; Life subscrip-
tion for one vote, £10 10s. J. RUSSELL STOCK, M.A., Secretary.
Office, 7, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C.

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD.
There are now 600 fatherless children in this Institution. Many of

1943 children, orphans of professional men, tradesmen, and other respectable persons from all parts of the British dominions, have been admitted.

Nine-tenths of the income are dependent upon voluntary contributions.

Candidates for the November Elections should be nominated without

The necessary forms may be obtained at the office.
Life Subscriptions for one vote, £5 5s.; for two votes, £10 10s.; An-
nual Subscriptions for one vote, 10s. 6d.; for two votes, £1 1s.
Office, 46, Ludgate-hill, E.C. HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

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